The Nation

Vol. CIII NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916 No. 2682

Summary of the News

In the aftermath of the election nothing has come to light to encourage Republican hopes of a reversal of the verdict for President Wilson. In California indications are that his comfortable plurality of 3,000 will not be modified. In Minnesota the official count gives the State to Mr. Hughes by 396, and it is unlikely that the figures will be challenged by the Democrats. Waning popular interest has centred chiefly on the recriminatory explanations of Republicans for their defeat, which is attributed now to Gov. Johnson, now to the candidate himself as guilty of various sins of omission and commission, and anon to the "women's special," whose dictation as to how they should vote was resented by the women of California. Mr. Bryan, as we note elsewhere, has not allowed the occasion to pass without comment on the inadequacy of the present electoral system to express the will of the people.

Despite the determination of Republican officials to withhold formal assent to the country's verdict until the ultimate hour, President Wilson apparently entertains no disquieting doubts as to his status. Dispatches from Washington emphasize the President's intention to devote himself during the next few weeks to consideration of international questions, action on which, as Secretary Lansing told us at the time, was necessarily delayed by the uncertainty of the campaign. First among these undoubtedly comes the situation created by Germany's apparent violation of the pledges made in the Sussex case. The statement made by Herr Zimmermann to a correspondent of the New York *Times*, and published in that journal on November 16, can hardly be regarded as reassuring, despite its protests as to the legality of present methods. As a reply, the British Admiralty issues a list, published in Sunday's papers, of twenty-two British ships sunk without warning between May 5 and October 21 of this year. The list concludes with the Marina, in which six American lives were lost. The Arabia, with one American on board, came later. The German Government has admitted the torpedoing of this ship in a statement issued on November 19, which describes the Arabia as a "transport." Other cases which are expected to engage the President's attention are those of the two American ships Lanao and Columbian, while it is probable that the recent activities off the United States coast of the U-53 will also come under review.

With the Allies also there are questions outstanding: that of the blockade, which has been left suspended since the British note of April 24 last; of the censorship of mails, concerning which no reply has been made as yet to the French note of October 15, and of the blacklist. On the last question Viscount Grey's reply, dated October 10, to the American note of July 28, was made public on November 14. Lord Grey's contention, on which we comment elsewhere, is that the blacklist is a purely municipal measure, relating to Great Britain's authority over its own citizens, and as such is unassailable in international law. One part of the note which is certain to provoke further controversy is that in which Lord Grey, animadverting on illegitimate German activities in the United States, observes that "no adequate action has yet been taken by the Government of the United States to suppress breaches of neutrality of this particularly criminal kind."

For the moment the Mexican situation occupies a large share of the President's attention. The feeling appears to be pretty general that twelve weeks of negotiations between the American and Mexican Commissioners are enough, and that if Carranza's representatives remain recalcitrant some definite steps must be taken by the Administration. As we point out in our editorial columns, here again the result of the election has made a vast difference in the situation. An important conference took place at the White House on Saturday night, at which Mr. Lansing and Mr. Baker were called into consultation with the President and Mr. Lane. The impression prevails as we write that the Mexican Commissioners will be expected to agree forthwith as to the question of the withdrawal of the American forces and the protection of the border.

In purely domestic matters with which the President must deal the Eight-Hour law overshadows all else. The railways, by filing suits, have shown their determination to fight the law. The railway brotherhoods, which have effected an agreement with twelve unions of other railway workers, profess themselves as resolutely opposed to any scheme of compulsory arbitration. We deal more fully with this topic in our editorial columns.

The deportation of the male population of Belgium into Germany, to which we called attention last week, seems by all accounts to be proceeding apace and to be enforced with the ruthlessness which has from the beginning characterized German conduct in that unhappy land. Dispatches from London of November 17 announced that 30,000 Belgians had already been deported and that the prospect was that not less than 300,000 in all would be similarly enslaved. Descriptions of the scenes of terror in Belgium, meagre as the accounts necessarily are, are too poignant for repetition. Mr. Lansing, on November 14, cabled instructions to Joseph C. Grew, American Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, to make informal representations on the matter to the German Chancellor in person.

In thinking of Belgium, it is natural also to think of Poland. The able-bodied of Belgium's men are to be set to work in Germany that will free fighters for the Teutonic ranks. The contribution of Poland to the resources of the German military machine is to be more direct: the creation of the new "independent" kingdom of Poland is apparently conditional on the success of the plan to raise a Polish army.

Of military operations the fall of Monastir to the troops under General Sarrail is the most conspicuous event of the past week. The evacuation of the city had been expected since the Servians had fought their way through the last barriers east of the Monastir plain, cooperating with Allied forces advancing west of the railway to Monastir. The whole line of frontier defences, based on Kenali, was abandoned last week, and the city itself was occupied by the Allies on Sunday morning.

In Transylvania the offensive assumed by the Rumanians was only temporary. Early last week von Falkenhayn resumed his drive, breaking through the mountain passes in the Alt and Jiul valleys. Statements from Berlin report the Teutonic troops already in the Wallachian plain, and advancing along the Orsova-Craiova Railway. On the Dobrudja front there has been little change. In the west the British offensive on the Ancre, the beginning of which we recorded last week, has reached Grandcourt. Since July 13, 7,000 prisoners have been captured.

Belligerent nations are, as it were, bracing themselves for the last round of the great struggle. In England announcement in the House of Commons on November 15 of the immediate appointment of a food controller, and the issue of an order in council to that effect on the following day, have been accepted by the country not merely with resignation, but with enthusiasm. On the same day that the President of the Board of Trade made his announcement in the House of Commons, word came from Berlin of the proposed introduction of compulsory non-military service which will apply virtually to the entire population of Germany. Dispatches from Paris on Sunday quoted the *Temps* as advocating the adoption of similar measures in France.

Dispatches from Greece have been more reticent even than usual. Brief intimations last week that King Constantine had been dining with the British Ambassador, and had sent a telegram of congratulation to Sir Douglas Haig on his recent offensive, seemed to point to the conclusion that the monarch's neutrality was once more as benevolent as could be desired. Admiral du Fournet, however, is evidently taking no chances, for in dispatches from Athens of November 18 came news of the presentation of another note demanding surrender to the Entente Allies of all arms, munitions, and artillery of the Greek army, with the exception of some 50,000 rifles, and on Monday came the further information that the Bulgarian, German, Austro-Hungarian, and Turkish Ministers had been informed by the Admiral that they must leave Greece by yesterday (Wednesday).

The German mercantile submarine Deutschland, stealing away from New London on her return voyage to Bremen in the early hours of Friday morning, managed to ram and sink one of the tugs that accompanied her out. Five persons aboard the tug were drowned. The Deutschland, slightly damaged, returned to her berth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week

Carranza and his obstinate representatives at Atlantic City would do well to take to heart the lesson of Mr. Wilson's reëlection. Precisely because the verdict at the polls must be accepted in large measure as an approval of the President's patient Mexican policy, it is also a ratification, in advance, of Mr. Wilson's course if the President's patience should come to an end. If so long-suffering and hopeful a friend of the Mexican people is driven to drastic action, this country will feel that there was no other way out. Of the President's good will Carranza has had proof these many months. He now has proof of this country's good will, of its abhorrence of any dreams of conquest, and of its earnest desire to remain at peace with Mexico. If Carranza persists in making the immediate withdrawal of Pershing's forces the first condition of an agreement, he will be straining at an empty point of prestige to the imperilling of his own vital interests. He must know that the President and the American people would like nothing better than to withdraw Pershing's troops if order and security in northern Mexico could be reëstablished, or even if an earnest move were made in that direction.

For Carranza up to election day there is this much to be said: that in spite of the friendship of the Wilson Administration and the American people, there was no telling what would happen to Wilson and what to American sentiment if Wilson was defeated. If Carranza had acquiesced in the retention of Pershing's troops, and Mr. Wilson went out of office, this would be the danger confronting the *de facto* President as he saw it: he would have created resentment at home by yielding on the matter of "national honor," he would thus have supplied a handle for Villistas, Felicistas, and other enemies, and he would be facing in Mr. Hughes's Administration possibly an enemy and certainly no friend willing to help him out against his rivals. But that possibility no longer exists. Carranza must know that Villa, Felix Diaz, and the Cientificos will never receive the countenance of Mr. Wilson and the American people. Carranza must know that without support from this country his enemies in the long run cannot maintain themselves against him.

The Secretary of War, in his memorandum on the functions of the General Staff of the army, takes a broad view of the proper functions of that body, at variance with the opinion of Gen. Crowder, the Judge-Advocate-General. Thus in interpreting the recent legislation of Congress which prescribed that General Staff officers should not be assigned to administrative duties, Mr. Baker is certain that this was merely a reinforcement of the act creating the Staff, whose functions Secretary Root described as "correlating, informing, supervising." This may be good, albeit narrow, law, but we are inclined to think that if he had been longer in Washington Mr. Baker would not have gone contrary to Gen. Crowder and assumed that Congress went out of its way merely to reënact the original act. For Congress has been alarmed about the General Staff; it has not only been worried by the fear that through aggrandizement of power the administration of the War Department would pass to the General Staff, but it has bitterly resented the influence over legislation which General Staff men, like the other officers on duty in Washington, have sometimes sought to assert. Gen. Wotherspoon, on his retirement, begged his associates to keep away from Congress. Against this tendency Congress has twice acted, in making it impossible for a General Staff officer to serve again on the Staff without service with troops, and permitting no officer to serve more than four years at a stretch in Washington, D. C. Hence one cannot but feel that Congress had some other purpose than Mr. Baker discovers. It is bungling so to legislate that four months later no one knows just what was meant by a simple provision like this.

Unfortunately *every move* that is proposed for full preparedness still is opposed by a blatant crowd of pacifists, slackers, kickers, and traitors, who *against good causes* know how to *fight* very vigorously! The curse of our country to-day is its motley crew of bad citizens. Another curse is the astounding apathy of many good citizens. Against these ball-and-chain influences forever dragging on the leg of Progress, one must fight.

Who is it who thus knows out of his complete and divine wisdom just who are good citizens and who are bad? Why, the American Defence Society, of course. Yet, while it weeps over the motley crew who are in its eyes bad citizens because they refuse to agree with it that the way to preserve peace is to Prussianize the United States, it has not lost courage. No, indeed. "Our cause," it says, "is gaining ground—no doubt about that!" and to consolidate the ground won, it asks a beggarly $30,000 for the coming year's work—$30,000, where last winter it was getting money by tens of thousands of dollars. Eighty-five thousand dollars, one canvasser alone reported, found its way into the Defence Society's treasury. Plainly, it is enormously to the Society's credit that it still keeps its faith in us Americans when it is compelled to circularize the public for a paltry $30,000 with which to finance its campaign for conscription.

Gen. Goethals's observation upon slides in the Panama Canal, made in his final report to Secretary Baker, will have great weight with the public. His review of the situation and of the suggestions offered to relieve it is so comprehensive as to give his opinion special force, despite the evident feeling behind his words. He declares that proposals for checking the slides were carefully considered, and that the methods adopted were laid before the National Academy of Sciences, where "no suggestions were made which modified the plan in any way." In particular, he scouts the theory that the bottom of the Canal in the region of Culebra Cut is a bog, which is constantly being pushed up. The slides there "are breaks resulting from deformation or crushing of underlying strata which, under changed conditions, could not bear the weight of the superimposed mass. . . . Final rest will be secured when all the material that is in motion has been removed." It is a pity that Senator Kearns's theory of subterranean gases, which evokes sarcastic comment from Goethals, should be circulating in the authoritative form of a Senate document, to say nothing of the flood of interviews and magazine articles as ill-informed.

In the positive announcement that there will be a Congressional inquiry into the use of money in the Presidential election, there is much ground for satisfaction. An investigation now could not be charged to the spite of a defeated party. If Hughes had been elected by a majority of two or three electoral votes, and a Democratic Congress had rushed a committee into the States most narrowly won, it could have been asserted that the move was that of a "bad loser," and that an attempt was being made to go behind the returns and impugn the expressed will of the voters. No suspicion of that kind can be entertained to-day. Wilson is not expected to gain a single electoral vote by the proposed investigation. It may indeed be that the credentials of two or three United States Senators will be challenged—that is for the Senate to judge—but the main object is not to keep anybody out of office or put anybody in. What is intended is simply such

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an uncovering of the expenditure of large election funds as may lead to remedial legislation. This, of course, is wholly apart from the activities of the Department of Justice in running down sporadic election frauds.

Two things are to be steadily aimed at in all this business of preventing the corrupt outlay of money in elections. The first is to limit by law the amount that may be expended in the election of a given candidate for office. The second is to prohibit all expenditure not officially made through a committee, and not fully disclosed in a public accounting. Here is the weakness and here the danger of our various State and Federal election laws. They go only a part of the way. But they will have to go the whole figure of the English Corrupt Practices Act before we can be sure that the scales in a closely contested election have not been turned by the corrupt use of money. We know, or shall soon know, what sums were raised and paid out by the National Committees. But how much knowledge have we of special funds in States or districts? Can we be sure that suspiciously large amounts were not sent secretly to certain strategic points, to be secretly used by local politicians? On this subject we do not pretend to have any specific information. Ugly rumors were afloat before the election, and have been circulated since. Perhaps not even a Congressional inquiry could bring out the truth, or all of it. But this whole dubious and shrouded field of the use of money in political campaigns ought to be looked into; and the chief purpose should be not to expose any party or punish any individual, but to lay the foundation for statutes which shall more effectually remove the peril of purchased elections.

Mr. Bryan's suggestion that it would be better to have the vote for Presidential electors cast by Congressional districts, with the two additional electors chosen by the State at large—a proposal that has often been put forward—comes at an unfortunate time. The closeness of the division in the Electoral College, and the way in which the result turned on a couple of thousand votes in a single State, has been the occasion of a revival of interest in the question of a change in our method of electing the President; but if the method recommended by Mr. Bryan had been in use this year, the uncertainty of the result would have been increased, not diminished. After all, we did know, two days after the election, except for a bare possibility of change in the official count, what the result of the election was; but we do not yet know, two weeks after the election, which party will have a majority in the House of Representatives. Such doubt as there was, even on the first morning after the election, when the returns were still incomplete, related only to a very few States. Congressional districts might easily be close in scores of cases, scattered throughout the Union. Furthermore, in the case of the electors at large, the closeness of the vote of the whole State would have to be reckoned with as it is now, over and above whatever closeness there might be in the separate districts.

Germany seems as if driven by a malignant fate to make the ruin of her national reputation in Belgium. The original invasion shocked the world, and left a moral gulf between Germany and other nations which she has never been able to bridge. To this fact the German Government has shown evidence of being sensitive, and has sought to make its military administration of Belgium both efficient and respectable. But now come the wholesale deportations of the workingmen of Belgium to put Germany once more in collision with the humane sentiments of the world. No wonder that the worst suspicions are current, and that few believe the virtuous profession put forward in defence of this virtual enslaving of thousands of Belgians. Even if it be true that they will be set to no work directly military, they will take the place of Germans who will then be released for the army. No quibble can excuse an act which is not only in clearest violation of the rules of civilized war, but is necessarily attended by cruelty. Protests from the Pope and from neutral nations may not be able to stay the hand of Prussian militarism, but at least they can let Germany know what is the adverse moral judgment of men to-day, and what will surely be the verdict of posterity.

Viscount Grey's note on the blacklist is a masterly presentation of the British side of the case. So far as regards the question of international law raised in our Government's protest, the answer of the British Foreign Secretary seems absolutely conclusive. So uncompromisingly is his position asserted on this aspect of the controversy that the tone of courtesy is preserved only through his expression of the conviction that our protest against the blacklist as a violation of international law must have been "founded on a misconception of the scope and intent of the measures which have been taken." That citizens of the United States are entirely within their rights in attempting to trade with any of the nations now at war, as our Government's note asserts, Viscount Grey would not, of course, question for a moment; but the legislation protested against does not deny that right, but merely asserts "the right of Great Britain as a sovereign state to pass legislation prohibiting all those who owe her allegiance from trading with any specified persons when such prohibition is found necessary in the public interest." These persons, Lord Grey adds, are as free as they were before to carry on their business; "the only disability they suffer is that British subjects are prohibited from giving to them the support and assistance of British credit and British property." As an abstract question of national and international rights, it is difficult to see how any effective reply can be made to this contention.

Such reasons for holding the blacklist measure a grievance as may have substantial merit rest not on a challenging of the right to resort to any measure of this kind, but on two other classes of considerations. In the first place, it has been felt that, granting the abstract right, a proper regard for the sensibilities as well as the interests of a great neutral nation should prevent its exercise by a belligerent unless clearly demanded by considerations of the highest moment in the prosecution of the war. And secondly, the charge has been made that under cover of the needs of the war this measure has been used to advance the interests of British subjects at the expense of neutrals. For this latter charge there has never been any basis worthy of serious attention; and Lord Grey, besides emphatically denying its truth, points out that our Government, "even if willing to ignore the whole tradition and tendency of British policy towards the commerce of other nations, might be confident that self-interest alone would render His Majesty's Government anxious not to place upon the statutory list the name of any firm which carries on a genuine *bona-fide* neutral trade." There remains the other question—whether the policy of the blacklist is not a needless injury to our interests and offence to our feelings—and upon this opinions will doubtless continue to differ in spite of Lord Grey's representations. But it must be acknowledged that he makes out a strong case for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

view that the circumstances of this war—the great part which the cutting off from Germany of all trans-oceanic aid may play in shortening the fearful conflict—justify resort to the measure objected to; always provided, as he assures our Government is the case, that it is kept within the narrowest limits compatible with the purpose in view.

That England is soon to imitate Germany in setting up a Food Dictator was virtually announced in Parliament on Wednesday of last week. It is a measure born not of present distress, but of precaution for the future. The Government takes this way of notifying the people that they are in for a long period of war, and that they must make the necessary sacrifices, and neglect no step to economize the national resources. No mention was made by the President of the Board of Trade of the extraordinary appeal recently addressed to the Government by one thousand of the most distinguished persons in the kingdom. It was signed by a score of admirals, dozens of generals, hundreds of leaders in finance, industry, medicine, education, literature, and art. And what did they ask? That the Government "withdraw all drink licenses throughout the kingdom for the period of the war." The argument in favor of such a course is well known. It has often been put forward in England since the war broke out. Not simply the money-cost, but the labor-cost and the transportation-cost of the drink habit are dwelt upon. England has to strike the mightiest blow possible in the war, and finds herself weakened in both purse and efficiency by drink. The signers of the petition say that they are not "temperance reformers as such," but they believe the nation is ready, and should be called upon, to do what France and Russia have already done—that is, take off "the brake of alcohol" from the energies of England.

The resignation of Sir Sam Hughes by no means surprised Canada. The Government gave as the principal reason the fact that he had assumed powers "which in the judgment of the Prime Minister can be exercised only by the Government as a whole." It is not only that he has assumed these powers, but that in the eyes of the careful Sir Robert Borden he has repeatedly been indiscreet in acting upon them. The chagrin of the Government when the recent inquiry was found necessary into the contracts let by the Shell Committee with the approval of Hughes was equalled only by its surprise that the Shell Committee, later the Imperial Munitions Board, had with the Minister of Munitions insensibly come to exercise so much authority outside its purview. The creation of an Oversea Minister of Militia was designed to limit Hughes's powers; the appointment of Sir George Perley, unfriendly to him, to the post, and of Mr. McCurdy, also unfriendly, to office in the Canadian Department of Militia, forecasted the request for his resignation. It has been reported that Minister of Finance White threatened to resign unless Hughes were ousted. And the man's over-robust personality, which at first gave him a hold on the masses, has made him more and more enemies. He has been bombastic both in his threatenings against Germany and in his criticism of British methods, and a good part of the press has come to demand that "this modern Falstaff" cease his strutting on Parliament Hill.

The dramatic sequel of the conscription fight in Australia is the split of the Parliamentary Labor Party, the expulsion of Premier Hughes by the anti-conscription majority, and the reconstruction of the Cabinet. The radical majority of the old party now calls itself the Official Labor Party; the Government branch may take what title it pleases, and will have to carry on the administration with the assistance of the one-time opposition Liberals. For a long time a cleavage has been evident between the industrial and the political sections of the Labor Party. The former, intent upon advanced labor measures and clamoring for even the abolition of the Upper House, has been irritated by the Ministry's tardy response; the latter has gone slowly upon everything but the conscription measure. One aspect of the affair will reassure Australia. The fear has been expressed that the present Ministry regarded itself as answerable to the Labor Caucus rather than to Parliament, but it is plain that Hughes will submit to no dictation from it.

The Teutonic invasion of Rumania is making headway along the western half of the southern or Wallachian front. Falkenhayn's attack on this front has been directed along three main lines: through Predeal Pass and the valley of the Prahova, through the Rotenturm Pass and along the valley of the Alt, and through the Vulcan Pass along the valley of the Jiul. It is on the last two lines that the Teutons have pressed furthest into Rumania, the presumption being that these are furthest removed from Bucharest and the Russian frontier, and consequently less easily reached by reinforcements from the capital or by the troops which must be coming in from Russia. The river Alt bisects southern Rumania in almost a straight line from north to south, and it is in the region lying to the west of the river that we may expect the Teutonic offensive to develop most rapidly. A railway parallels the Alt River on its western bank, and this should facilitate the Teutonic advance in the likely case that the Rumanians are compelled to abandon the region west of the Alt and attempt to hold the line of the river for the defence of the capital. Serious though the situation undoubtedly is, it is not yet desperate. The resistance which the Rumanians have been offering south of Predeal and in the vicinity of Campulung may indicate the presence of sufficient forces to hold the line of the Alt against an enemy advancing from the west until such a time as Russian reinforcements have been brought up in larger numbers or relief comes from the progress of events in Macedonia.

The capture of Monastir by the Serbs and the French is the most dramatic achievement to the credit of the Allies since Brussiloff's rush of last June and his capture of Lutsk. But Monastir has probably greater significance in that its fall was brought about, not by an unexpected blow and the smashing of an intrenched front, but by a mixture of straight fighting and the kind of flanking work of which the German leaders have so far been the only successful practitioners. It is also a source of encouragement for the Allies that the rushing forward of German reinforcements which has almost invariably been the signal for a bracing up of wavering lines was not effective at Monastir. It is now something of a race between the Allies advancing from Monastir and Falkenhayn pressing on against Bucharest. The odds are still in favor of Falkenhayn, but not so decidedly as the distances on the map would indicate. If the Allies can drive home the stroke from Monastir northeast against the Bulgar lines, they need only cover the forty-odd lines in Babuna Pass before they will be seriously threatening the entire Bulgar line in Macedonia. Even the presence of an Allied army before Babuna would place them in the rear of the Bulgar centre, facing the British in the region of Doiran, and might compel a withdrawal of the Bulgar front which would notably affect the entire Balkan situation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSES AND THE PUBLIC.

Welcome are the reports from Washington that President Wilson is determined to complete his programme of legislation to prevent railway strikes. His position, it is true, has been squarely challenged by the Federation of Labor. In session at Baltimore, it again went on record against the plan to make either a railway strike or a railway lockout illegal unless the matter in dispute had first been duly investigated. Compulsory inquiry, declares Mr. Gompers, means compulsory labor, or holding men to the involuntary servitude forbidden by the Constitution. Thus we have the Federation of Labor arrayed in advance in opposition to the President; and all the smooth words which its delegates addressed to him on Saturday cannot disguise this fact.

In his reply, Mr. Wilson did not commit himself on the main issue. Yet the root of the matter lay in his warning that classes and class interest must not be allowed to dominate American public policy. We shall doubtless long have in this country groups with different class-feelings. It is not possible that in everything Americans shall see eye to eye. It is not, indeed, the abolition of classes which the President or any other sensible man expects or demands. But the various social classes have got to learn the lesson of working together in a republic. Between them there must be give and take. A spirit of reasonable concession and of conciliation must be cherished, or created; otherwise the country's affairs cannot get on. We can endure many things. We can manage to get along, for example, with shorter hours on the railways and higher wages, with the consequent higher freight rates; but what we cannot put up with is the tyrannizing and monopolistic spirit, whether in masters or men.

It is trite to say that there is always a public interest overtopping that of any class, but we have to keep on hammering at such elementary truths. The particular thing to bear in mind at the present juncture is the paramount concern of the American public in this whole railway question. It is, obviously, the assured and steady functioning of this great and indispensable instrument. The dread that it might break in our hands was what caused the nation-wide fear of last August. Against such a possibility there is no doubt whatever that the people as a whole desire and have a right to be guarded. The President himself said to Congress that the chief hope and aim of his proposed legislation was to take a bond of fate that so alarming a situation should never again lay its paralyzing touch upon the country. But only a part of his project could then be enacted into law. The remainder —and by far the more important section— has still to be sanctioned. And we can but hail every indication that Mr. Wilson intends to use his enhanced prestige to the full, and to see to it that his own promises, and the tacit pledges of his party, to the country shall be kept. There could be no better reason for the President to put on his fighting clothes and go forth to meet his enemies. If among them figure Mr. Gompers and the railway Brotherhoods, Mr. Wilson need not be dismayed. He has squared his account with them. It is their turn to do a little yielding. If they resist all compromise in sullen obstinacy, and with the assumption that their power is so great that it can be held in terror over Congress in a way to leave the public helpless, popular disapproval will fall upon them like an avalanche. On a plain issue between their arrogant demands and the good of the country, President Wilson could surely win a complete victory.

It is hard to believe in the sincerity of the leaders of the Federation of Labor when they protest so solemnly that no man should be compelled to work against his will, and give this as their main reason why they never will consent to have the Canadian plan of preventing railway strikes adopted in the United States. Men already holding a whip over labor are hardly the ones to be tearful over the spectacle of railway unions not being allowed to declare a strike at the drop of a handkerchief. That there is no real hardship and no true invasion of rights in the Canadian system, experience has abundantly shown. Canadian workmen are not so different from ours that they would submit to an intolerable tyranny. It has not appeared such in practice. It is only a rational way of ascertaining the merits of any railway controversy, and meanwhile of guaranteeing the nation that its transportation shall not suddenly be thrown into chaos. Even if Mr. Gompers and his fellows have strong objections to the course urged by the President, they ought to see that here is a case where class interest must give way to that of the general public. And if they insist selfishly and mulishly upon denying this, and proceed once more to swing their lash about the ears of Congress, it is to be hoped that Mr. Wilson will teach them a hard but needed lesson in public duty.

"THE NEW EUROPE."

Cardinal Mercier, that intrepid prelate and exalted soul, has again raised his voice in a protest to the civilized world against the deportation of Belgians from their native land. That this act of the German authorities in Belgium is in clear violation of the rules of war is not denied. The attempt is made to mask it in humanitarian guise. Belgian artisans are without work. It is better to take them to German shops and give them employment and pay than to leave them at home in dependent idleness. But this conveniently overlooks two questions: Who threw them out of work? Who is supporting them? The fact that the needy Belgians have been and are largely fed by American and English philanthropy makes the high-handed proceeding of Governor-General von Bissing something which our Government cannot ignore. In fact, the State Department has already made strong representations to Germany on the subject. From Rome it is reported that the Pope is also to make a solemn protest to Germany; and it was even rumored that joint diplomatic action would be taken by the Vatican, Spain, and the United States.

While waiting to see whereto this thing may grow, it is well to note the spirit in which this protesting movement by neutrals is conceived. There is no desire to take sides in the war. But there is an ardent desire that right and humanity be respected. The animus of the whole cannot be better expressed than in the words of Cardinal Mercier himself. In his Pastoral Letter of last Lent, after his visit to Rome, he sought both to comfort and strengthen his distressed Belgian flock. He predicted a triumphant end of their sufferings:

> My conviction, both natural and supernatural, of our ultimate victory is more firmly rooted in my soul than ever. If, indeed, it could have been shaken, the assurances given me by several disinterested and careful observers of the general situation, notably those belonging to the two Americas, would have sufficed to consolidate it.

But his most striking exhortation was this:

> Whatever happens, never doubt of justice. At no other period of my life have I seen its action penetrating, to all appearance, the most trivial circumstances, the most insignificant incidents, the events most foreign to our personal calculations, as in this recent journey of mine.

It is in the stirring and spread of sentiments like these that the hope of the future lies. And that the noble words of Cardinal Mercier are finding wider and wider echo scarce a week passes without bringing fresh evidence. Even from the place in the Reichs-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tag where the German Chancellors have exalted the policy of blood and iron, unaccustomed language about humanity and the rights of small nations has lately come. One can see a similar vision and a kindred striving in the recent foundation of a weekly periodical, *The New Europe*, of which the first number has just reached this country. Established and conducted frankly in the interest of the Allies, and having a list of eminent French and English collaborators, it yet sounds a note higher than that of any single belligerent interest. What it looks forward to eagerly is "European reconstruction." And the basis of such rebuilding it would find in "nationality" and "the rights of minorities." More specifically, it means to work for "permanent peace and the *reduction of armaments*," together with the fulfilment of the "solemn pledges" made to smaller countries and "the vindication of national rights and public law."

Signs that this new Europe—one might say, a new world—is not going to be impossible of realization are multiplying. A great reaction of the mind of men against war is visibly under way. It is not only the calamitous losses and the unspeakable miseries and brutalities which are repelling and appalling millions. The immense futility of the resort to war is impressing itself on the heart and conscience of mankind. How to secure peace and how to buttress it, the whole world is now discussing. Recently in England that hard-headed lawyer, Sir Frederick Pollock, came out heartily in favor of the League to Enforce Peace. It was not in the least to be thought of as an amiable dream, he contended, but as a measure easily to be made workable, and one which the civilized nations could not afford to ignore. With even the German Chancellor forced to pay tribute to the idea—forced by the rising feeling against war in Germany herself—there is reason to hope that out of the present horrible welter there will come, not merely a new Europe, but a new respect for the law of nations, a new regard for the weak and helpless, a new sense of human brotherhood.

"MARITIME TYRANNY."

Some of the phrases used by Viscount Grey in his reply to the American note on the blacklist have aroused angry comment in Germany. Thus the *Kölnische Zeitung* exclaims:

> Everything remains as before. England is mistress of the seas, and whoever wants to carry on commerce can do so only with her permission and under her supervision. Is not this navalism a thousand times more complete and more oppressive than anything German militarism—which really does not exist—is supposed to have done?

On this, we are bound to say that, so far as the present war is concerned, Germany has put herself out of court. From its first days she has suffered, and till its end will continue to suffer, from the effect of her own high-handed acts. And these, be it noted, were committed at sea as well as on land. The German strewing of mines in the high seas, and the murderous use of submarines, not only gave England an excuse for extreme measures by way of retaliation, but prevented the indignation of neutral nations from rising as high as it otherwise would have risen at the irregularities of the British blockade and its many incidental stupidities and injustices. Moreover, German statesmen cannot pretend to be surprised at what has happened. They were frequently and plainly warned, as by Prince von Bülow, long before the war, exactly what use of sea-power England would make if she were drawn into hostilities against Germany. The English navy was kept in great strength and in a high state of preparation with the avowed aim of protecting British commerce and food-supplies, in case of war, and also of cutting off enemy trade. It was certain from the beginning that German ships would be driven from the ocean, and that a rigid blockade would be established. No intelligent member of the German Government could have had any illusions on this point. Indeed, some German public men have been frank enough to admit that if their country had been in control of the seas, it would have acted precisely as England has done. Everybody knows this to be true.

It is for such reasons that the voices raised in Germany, during the war, in behalf of "the freedom of the seas" have not wakened echoes in the neutral world. They have sounded neither sincere nor convincing. The retort made by Mr. Balfour, months ago, was too obvious. The German object, he declared, was to "free military absolutism on land from that barrier of the seas which even Napoleon could not pass." Furthermore, to "abolish the right of sea blockade, while preserving the right of land blockade, would exalt the power of states with big armies at the expense of non-military states like Britain and America." It is not necessary to pursue the argument. Suffice it to say that at present there is no likelihood whatever that Germany will be able to rouse sympathy on account of the oppressive use against her of English sea-power, or that any improvement of the rules of ocean-warfare will be made, or even attempted, so long as the war lasts.

This, however, is not to deny that there is a measure of justice in German complaints, or that the question of the use of naval power in war-time is one which the nations of the world ought to take up seriously when peace comes. Lord Grey himself has acknowledged that the matter is one which might properly be "passed in review" in the negotiations for peace. And there has long been a powerful element in England ready to concede that the old rules of naval warfare ought to be modernized. What is meant is a more sure definition of contraband, and, in general, the recognition of the rights of private property at sea, in time of war, as they have long been recognized on land. The subject is candidly discussed in the book, "Towards a Lasting Settlement," recently published by a group of English Liberals. One of the chapters deals with the freedom of the seas, and argues that the world will never submit to a maritime tyranny, any more than it would to a military tyranny. The way out is plain. Contraband and blockade must be more limited than at present. Above all, the historic American contention for the immunity of private property at sea must be adopted by an international Congress. The general principle ought to be that commerce should be exempt from the operations of war so long as it takes no part in them. There is no true freedom of the seas "so long as an enemy's private property is liable to capture under its own flag." That kind of looting has been abolished on land; it ought to be on the sea.

That it should be, the United States has stoutly maintained ever since the days of Benjamin Franklin. It should be made a cardinal point in our international policy. Whatever weight this nation may have in the settlement of the present war ought to be thrown into the scales on the side of liberating the world from the danger of maritime tyranny. England as well as Germany will be desirous of cultivating the most friendly relations with the United States when the war is over. It should be made clear to English statesmen that they could take no step better calculated to cement American friendship than by an undertaking to abandon forever some of their naval practices during this war, and to enter with other nations into the fullest guarantees of the safety of private property at sea.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONQUEST OF NEW YORK.

A conscientious scrutiny of Mr. Roosevelt's remarks on life and literature before the Academy of Arts and Letters last Thursday impels one to the conclusion that the speaker is still quite angry with the people of the West because of what happened on November 7. Art and literature, we are told, are not worth while unless they are the expression of the valor of the soul, which comes before beauty, and there is no valor in a nation if it is too proud to fight. This obviously means that no serious literature or art can come out of the country west of the Mississippi, which has endorsed the principles of cubist patriotism, or out of Ohio, or out of New Hampshire, which sacrificed its opportunity to become a cradle for serious art by a plurality of 69 in a total vote of 87,000. More than ever the fatal results of Mr. Hughes's failure to shake hands with Gov. Johnson leap to the eyes. For it now appears that the omitted hand-clasp did more than lose a Presidency and work a political revolution. It destroyed all chance of a national literature springing up in California, Washington, Idaho, Kansas, Utah, and New Mexico for at least four years to come.

But out West they are apt to feel about it just the other way. It will be odd if the political conquest of New York and New England is not followed across the Mississippi by a declaration of independence against the spiritual domination of Manhattan and Boston. Such independence, as a matter of fact, the West has asserted before this, but always with an aggressiveness which indicated that the West was not quite sure of its ground. It insisted upon calling New York provincial, and thereby acknowledged New York's preëminence. When it came to specific argument, the West, with its ally, the South, could make out a very good case for itself in this matter of the spiritual and intellectual life of the nation. Of the three American writers in whom foreign opinion has found the most authentic expression of the national genius, two, Mark Twain and Poe, belong to the great hinterland, and the third, Walt Whitman, is of the East only by accident of birth. In spirit he belongs somewhere near the Mississippi. Now that Henry James is dead, there is only one figure of eminence which the East can claim, Edith Wharton. To the West belong William Dean Howells and the great majority of the younger writers with the truly national touch—Mr. Dooley and George Ade and Jack London. From the West have come Augustus Thomas and David Belasco. From the West have come a brilliant group of newspaper writers and artists, drawn hither by accident, as when the San Francisco fire drove a great mass of young talent across the continent, or by the lure of New York.

Yet it has been with these individual conquerors of New York as with the rude and valorous conquerors of every Babylon in history. The victor has ultimately been enslaved by the vanquished. The city has cast upon them the spell of decadence. The young Goths have lost their pristine valor amidst a servile population. Young giants of finance have carved a place for themselves in Wall Street only to be absorbed in the mass of plutocracy. Writers and artists have put their foot upon the neck of New York only to succumb to the appeal of Broadway. It may not show in the superficial character of their work, which has retained in large measure the touch of the open country. The habits and thought and slang of the West are still popular in the magazines and books published in New York. But that serious art for which Mr. Roosevelt calls has not developed in proportion to the raw talent invested, and this is because the characteristic New York ideal, success, has militated against sincere and significant expression. It is with the writer who has received the approval of New York as with the actress who after years of struggle reaches the goal of Broadway. Her artistic development stops; she is henceforth a star and condemned to a splendid state of petrifaction. The writer is henceforth the manufacturer of the kind of book which New York has decided he must produce for ever after. Capua has him in its wiles. He may go back West for a new supply of raw material. But he works it up after the New York pattern.

The process has hitherto seemed an inevitable one because everywhere and at all times the political capital of a nation sets the fashion for literature, art, theatre, clothes, breakfast foods, drug-stores, and safety razors. Now that the political hegemony of the East, and particularly of New York, has been shattered, will the West earnestly set out to vindicate its own ideals of American civilization? A revolt has been under way for some time against our type of national drama as imposed upon Kansas City and San Francisco by the booking offices on the Great White Way. In Chicago, in Los Angeles, the attempt has been made to set up independent producing centres under the auspices of drama leagues or enterprising commercial managers. But hitherto the pull of New York has been too strong. It has been regarded as failure if a play produced in Los Angeles or Chicago has failed to receive the baccalaureate degree of Times Square. Will the self-conscious West now be encouraged to leave New York altogether out of the reckoning? If the country west of the Alleghanies should succeed in emancipating itself from the New York best-seller, from the second and third company sent out by the Syndicate, from the comic supplement of Park Row, from the "'varsity clothes" imposed by the manufacturers of lower Fifth Avenue on the sturdy manhood of Toledo and Seattle, it may yet turn out that the most significant thing which happened on November 7 was not the reëlection of Mr. Wilson or even the conversion of Kansas.

A FAMOUS ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.

The recent death of Percival Lowell recalls the creditable part America has played in astronomical science. It was Prof. Asaph Hall who first descried the moons of Mars at Washington in 1877, Prof. E. E. Barnard who discovered the small inner satellite of Jupiter in 1892, and Prof. W. H. Pickering who tracked out the ninth and tenth moons of Saturn. In the field of mathematical astronomy there is no higher name than Simon Newcomb's. In the photometry of stars Prof. E. C. Pickering, as director of the Harvard Observatory, long ago took place with the best European scientists; in some fields of stellar astronomy no one is better known than Prof. George Hale, of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, and the study of the sun spots has perhaps gone farthest in this country. Even in the making of achromatic lenses, the two Clarks of Cambridgeport have rivalled the Germans. Professor Lowell's place in astronomical history is not easy to fix, but he will not be held much the more lightly because he rode one doubtful theory to the point of making it a hobby.

The broad circulation which his views obtained was due not only to their sensational implications, but to his ability in presenting them in interesting language and with a background of general scientific fact illuminating and making them plausible. In such books as "Mars as the Abode of Life" he sets out with his theory of the essentially "cosmic" character of life—something that nature strives to produce everywhere, under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the most unfavorable circumstances. To his mind, any planet that could furnish a combination of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur under suitable conditions of temperature was more likely than not to bring forth some kind of life. A half century ago the impossibility of life in the ocean-depths had been postulated on the tremendous pressure of the water there, the absence of light, and other unfavorable conditions; and science mistaken in this instance ought not to assert rashly the impossibility of life on the planet next outside the earth. Our present knowledge of Mars is due in large measure to Lowell. Schiaparelli, it is true, discovered the canals, and it had been known long before that the planet had certain widely extended dark areas miscalled "oceans," and polar caps that showed the annual deposit and melting of snow, ice, or frost. With the results of observations begun at Flagstaff in 1894, Lowell set out to prove that conditions on Mars were indeed favorable to life, that there were outer evidences of the work of reasoning inhabitants, and that from terrestrial premises we might reasonably argue life existent there. With a certain basis of sound astronomical discovery he combined a superstructure of general scientific knowledge in a romantically conjectural whole. It was something to make the world think more of Mars than of sun or moon, and produce works with the interest of H. G. Wells's excursions into planetary space; it was more to raise questions concerning the glaciation of the other planet, its atmosphere, its crusts, and the trustworthiness of optical observation of it.

Some of Lowell's important generalizations upon Mars are open to little question. His argument for the existence of vegetation is plausible; the darker areas are blue-green at one season, a very faint green or brown at the other, the hemispheres changing in turn. The changes follow the melting of the polar caps. There is evidence also for an atmosphere closely resembling ours, but thinner, and for appearance of cloud or haze at the melting season. His attempted refutation of the argument that the temperature was prohibitive to life has been strengthened by recent measurements of the surface-heat of the moon, which may also have very thin air. His account of the physical characteristics of the planet, ages older than the earth, singularly flat, without oceans, and covered in major part by deserts, seems correct in every particular. But this is not to demonstrate Martian life, and all his other conclusions are denied. He reasoned that the canals so plainly seen from Flagstaff are really the borders of vegetation upon water-channels leading from the polar cap all over the globe. Many of the six hundred that he listed are thousands of miles in length; they follow regular arcs with perfect geometrical design, and they fit into centres to form a self-agreeing whole. But it is contended that, while the sun may melt the snow or ice-caps, under Mars's low barometric pressure evaporation would at once ensue, that the moisture around the poles is very small, and that at least the finer canals are probably an optical delusion, due to light and shaded areas.

Lowell was at pains to explain what he thought was gained by launching his discoveries concerning Mars behind a claim for the existence of life there; and, of course, the attraction of public interest was not a motive. He believed it the function of science first to marshal circumstantial evidence and then find a motive. Merely to gather facts without attention to a purpose behind them seemed to him fruitless. But granting all that may be said for the necessity of theorizing as a means of advancing science, it is plain that no scientist should formulate theories upon hasty evidence. It is one tribute to the underlying scientific ability of the man that his apparent extravagance of thesis did not lessen the real respect paid him.

Foreign Correspondence

THE RIGHT OF WAR AND PEACE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 21.

A league, singular and unexampled in history, has been organized in the provinces of France that have suffered from the German invasion. At its head are the mayors of the chief communes of all the stricken departments, from Saint-Dié in the east to Dunkirk at the north. Its committee of action consists of three most authorized representatives officially and by family history: L. Mirman, Prefect of the Department of Meurthe and Moselle; G. Simon, Mayor of Nancy, and G. Keller, Mayor of Lunéville. Before war came, their names represented the life of France in those regions where life has flowed on from father to son far into the thousand years. The title of their new brotherhood is "The League of Remembrance." It is not for the remembrance of the thousand years, but for the two years and whatever more there may be of this war—

Lest we forget, lest we forget.

"This League of Remembrance has been founded at the tombs of the Martyrs of Gerbéviller. Its programme is very simple, very limited—*to make known the criminal wrongs done by the Germans*—and to make them known first of all to Frenchmen who, nearly all, are ignorant of them."

Neutrals are sometimes impatient at being told what they should know or, at least, not ignore. Or they shelter their consciences under commodious maxims, such as "There is something to be said on both sides." Or oftener they accept the German all-excusing principle, "War is war," reminding each other that Gen. Sherman said "War is hell"—which is not the same, for hell is the consequence and not the wrong-doing itself.

Perhaps the League of Remembrance will in time be able to make known to neutrals as well as to Frenchmen the wrongs and crimes which they wish not to be forgot. As happens in so many human events, they will find rising up before them the confusion of a single word.

What, you are still speaking of atrocities? Well, I am not sure the atrocities which you blame on Germans are proven. The League has its proofs, long from complete Government investigations and short from the cries and distress of the victims. But, before they try to present them once again to a forgetful and impatient world, some one with a clear voice of authority should remind men forcibly that, really and indeed, there is such a thing as right in war and that atrocities are wrongs done against that right. The word used in the League's programme for wrongs done and not to be forgotten is *"attentats,"* which implies a criminal attack on right. When a person asks for more and more proofs of atrocities as he conveniently names such wrongs, it is necessary first to find out whether he really believes that there is such a thing as wrong-doing in war.

It is a disheartening thing that, three hundred years after Grotius tried to work out the "law of war and peace," minds with all the enlightenment of a supposedly advancing civilization in between should thus lapse to the lack of conscience which he recognized in the world of his time. What schools and universities and states have been thus misforming reasonable man?

When Grotius was born, France was swaying from a bad king, Henry III, to a bad leader of military, a Duke of Guise. When he was twenty, his native Holland was in deadly throes of religious violence, Gomarists against Arminians—

Who proved their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.

Then no one asked to prove the atrocity—that was taken for granted as a part of human life. Grotius went back and did his best to prove the principle on which the previous question rests: "Natural right is a rule given us by right reason, by which we judge necessarily that an action is unjust or is moral—according to its conformity with reasonable nature—and so God, who is the author of nature, forbids one and commands the other."

The French League will find more than once that both right reason and Ten Commandments have been left to convenient desuetude in this war—alas, not the "innocuous desuetude" of President Cleveland. Readers of old books, who wonder at all the hideous things which soldiers in the days of Grotius believed might be allowed them because "War is war," will not have a very different impression when they read the list of wrongs with which French people who have suffered reproach their German invaders.

"They have robbed. They have burned.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They have violated women and children. They have killed off the wounded. They have shielded themselves behind women. They have martyred civil prisoners. To excuse themselves, they have lied and calumniated."

The very same reproaches were made by the Belgian Bishops with Cardinal Mercier at their head in their letter of a nation's clergy to the German Bishops—a letter without reply. The French and Belgian Governments have transmitted to neutral Governments and made known to the public, in volumes that are unavoidably big and big with terror, all these things and their authentic proofs. No one can have lived among the populations of the war frontier, and not have seen and verified for himself examples of each and all the reproaches which this League charges itself to keep in mind. It is most terrible of all that such a League should be deemed necessary by the victims. Shall then reasonable men still deny that right is right and wrong is wrong in war as in peace?

The League's reasons are expressed as moderately as possible: "When and how shall peace come and become settled? We have no competence to examine such questions. What shall happen after the war? We wish not to inquire. We combat no tendency—we wish only to dispel *ignorance*. Men, according to their divers temperaments, will pardon the *Bête Allemande* (a name for Germany recalling that Beast of the Apocalypse which also had 'power and seat and great authority, and all the world wondered after it')—if they will and when they wish. And they will pardon without condition or with conditions which they shall have fixed—but *they must first know the truth.*"

Neutrals who are impatient for the return of the old, easy-going peace when wolves and lambs looked at each other across waters and went away—and who pretend to themselves that they know not yet who are wolves and who may be the lambs—might at least take time and pains to make salutary reflections. *Homo homini lupus*—"Man is a wolf to man"—said philosopher Hobbes. "Man is a reasonable being, and his actions are unjust or moral accordingly—even in war," said Grotius stoutly. Is it the aggressor or his victims who verify the opposing descriptions of Man, reasonable or beast? For the Apocalyptic Beast reasons also of things unjust or moral, but not according to right reason, that is, "not in conformity with reasonable nature—and so God who is the author of nature forbids one and condemns the other."

There are Americans who have thought parts of our own Constitution go back to the mind of Grotius, lover of his kind and of liberty. In the XXth number of *The Federalist,* one of our early Presidents when the Constitution was slowly getting to work, James Madison, recalled curiously: "It was long ago remarked by Grotius, that nothing but the hatred of his countrymen to the house of Austria kept them from being ruined by the vices of their constitution." All Europe has now reached the point where similar hatred keeps half her states together—and we know that the principles which Grotius laid down concerning what is "right in war and peace" stand with them.

The new League would have cruel wrongs remembered only to the same end:

"What is our end and aim? Is it to incite our soldiers to commit, when occasion offers, like atrocities? We repel with horror such a thought which is unworthy of us, unworthy of them, unworthy of the high moral person that is France. Our intention is quite different. We wish first that our entire nation should know the crimes committed in the name of culture so that, at all cost, when the moment comes it shall take sureties necessary to prevent their returning ever again.

"Also, we are animated with the sentiment of pious respect for those who are our martyrs. To forget their executioner would be in our eyes to make curselves his accomplices."

Notes from the Capital

EUGENE HALE.

His career closed, and his body stricken with a malady from which, at the age of eighty, he has no chance of recovery, Eugene Hale has been often in the thoughts of his old associates in the Senate during the present crisis in American affairs. Without any claim to statesmanship, his share in the work of legislation was nevertheless of the highest importance because of his thorough familiarity with the subjects in which he specialized, the navy and the sea fisheries, and of a persistence which simply would not take "no" for an answer to anything proposed by him, but could be got rid of only by being voted down. Certainly no one ever came over to his side because won by his affability; for, though a stickler for the common forms of parliamentary etiquette, his manifest impatience with opinions which differed from his own was as eloquent as a score of spoken expletives.

What would have made him a marked man in the phase through which our public life is now passing is his views on naval matters and his attitude towards war. He has always advocated an efficient navy, as a protective police arm and not as an instrument of aggression, and his combination of this desire with a very strict watch upon extravagant expenditures in attaining it has drawn upon him a frequent fire of criticism from both the "big navy" and the "little navy" people; the "big navy" faction has accused him of lack of spirit, and the "little navy" faction of pandering to a meretricious war sentiment. This latter charge always seemed absurd to those of us who saw a good deal of him during McKinley's Administration; for he opposed the war with Spain with such vigor as to expose him to all manner of abuse for lack of patriotism, and his downright denunciation of the acquisition of the Philippines nearly cost him his Senatorship. When he came up for re-election in January, 1899, forty members of the Maine Legislature signified their disapproval of his course by leaving their seats before the vote was taken, and three of those who remained in the hall took occasion to rebuke him by announcing that they wished to vote for "the Republican nominee" instead of mentioning his name in the conventional manner. He had a distinct philosophy regarding the war craze that seizes our people at intervals, which he expressed to a friend during one such flurry about ten years ago, and to which recent tendencies give point. "Every generation," said he, "desires war; peace is a question of how soon the generation gets its fill. The generation of the Civil War got enough to see what it meant. The present generation got only a taste of the Spanish skirmish, and now is eager for more."

Now and then a jingo who did not like his pacific general attitude would take a fling at his failure to respond to President Lincoln's call for troops at the outbreak of the Civil War; but on those occasions some friend of his would recall a little story widely known in Maine. It seems that there was a strong Copperhead element in the population in and around Prospect, Me., during the first part of the Civil War, and when the draft came in the summer of 1862, they made a hostile demonstration so threatening that the officer in charge sent an appeal to the Governor to furnish a force of militia large enough to quell a riot. The next day came the "militia." It consisted of a single young man, slim, straight, rather pale of countenance, with hands so small and delicately formed as to suggest effeminacy, and clad in a light summer suit and a straw hat instead of the expected glittering uniform. But there was something in his bearing which warned the defiers of law that he was not afraid of them, and gave them pause. He made a prompt alliance with an old Democrat of the neighborhood who, though having the strongest sort of antipathy to the draft, was known everywhere as a patriot above party considerations, and together the two faced the crowd as representatives of the best Yankee sentiment, determined to see the Government's business put through. The effect of their presence, and of their fearless confronting of the situation, was an interesting psychological study. In a very little while, all the noisy talk about destroying the wheel and burning the conscript lists had subsided, and those who had been leaders in it changed their tone to one of crude humor, as they cracked jokes at the expense of the men whose names had already been drawn, for having shirked so long only to be caught in Old Abe's trap at last and marched off to the front willy-nilly. When the tide appeared to have been well turned, the "militia" mounted a bench and made a short but spirited speech, urging his hearers to remember what grave issues were at stake in the war and show themselves the sort of men New Englanders had always proved in a public emergency. They not only listened, but they broke in with loud applause from time to time, and at the close of his remarks fell to daring one another to enlist on the spot, with the result that recruiting took the place of the drawing, and the quota was filled and the wheel dispensed with. The "militia" had won without firing a shot more solid than words. It was Eugene Hale's first real trial of his mettle in public.

In the Senate, Hale and Aldrich for a good many years ran the Republican side of the Chamber. Hale mapped out the policies, and Aldrich pushed the buttons. They made a powerful team. Neither was an orator, but both had so complete a command of the material they wished to present to their fellow-members that they were bound to get a thoughtful hearing even from the group most opposed to them. Neither was a reformer in the accepted sense, though both had much to do with making the nation turn corners it had not expected to. Neither had any particular use for the merit system in the civil service, though Hale was franker in his unflattering expressions regarding it than Aldrich. Aldrich lived on fairly good terms even with men whom he disliked or despised; Hale had no concealments to salve any one's feelings. There was one time when Hale would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have little or nothing to do with his colleague Frye; and as for Reed, the earth was barely large enough to hold them both when they were most in evidence in our public life.

With all his eccentricities and weaknesses, Hale was a Senator whom his contemporaries had to reckon with, a powerful personality. It took something of a man to serve one Northern State in Congress from 1869 to 1911 and to refuse in that interval the Postmaster-Generalship in Grant's Cabinet and the naval portfolio in its successor. TATTLER.

In Defence of Romain Rolland

By MARION E. BOWLER.

Never, perhaps, has there been a more striking example of the truth of the old saying, "Give me two lines of writing of any one and I will have the author hanged," than in the case of Romain Rolland—who has just been honored by the award of the Nobel prize for literature! A number of echoes have reached us of the persecution carried on against him by a part of the French press, and many who have admired him as the author of "Jean-Christophe" have been unable to believe that a man whose ideals were so in harmony with their own, who had presented them with so inspiring a view of life, could suddenly fail his country in its time of greatest need, could, as his enemies chose to put it, retire to Switzerland and perch on a peak of moral superiority where he might maintain his neutrality or die in the attempt! Unfortunately, neither the articles on which the accusations were supposedly based nor the defences which came out in Europe were available to us in America, so that we were more or less at the mercy of one or two foreign correspondents who were evidently over-influenced by the hostile atmosphere in which they possibly found themselves. It seemed, therefore, that to make known the truth about the whole affair would be both worth while and interesting, for if Romain Rolland has had his full share of enemies since the outbreak of the war, he has also had friends, and many of them, who deserve to be heard. That I am able to give such a view is due to the courtesy of Monsieur Rolland himself, who, besides writing me concerning the more personal phases of the situation, has made it possible for me to see various articles that probably rarely reach this country, and from which I have drawn in preparing this article. It might be well to add here that, being in Switzerland, at Vevey, when the war broke out, M. Rolland, who was beyond the age for active military duties, offered his services to the Red Cross International Agency for Prisoners of War, in connection with which work he has more than once had the opportunity to render assistance to friends of those who were attacking him in France.

It will be remembered that during the first year of the war Rolland wrote a series of articles which came out in the *Journal de Genève* and were refused publication in France on the ground that they were unpatriotic, their lack of patriotism being that they did not extol war and that their author refused to identify love of his own country with hatred of other countries, especially, of course, of Germany. "One makes war on governments, not on nations," he asserted. Because he refused to give up those of his German friends who had not, like Hauptmann, abjured their common ideals, because he felt, as he had already said in "Jean-Christophe," that in a crisis between two countries, the "duty and happiness of friends like himself [Olivier] and Christopher was to love one another and to keep their reason uncontaminated by the general upheaval," and because, not being able to go to the front and dress the material wounds of his country, as Walt Whitman did during the War of Secession, he chose to tend the moral wounds, to be a guide to his distracted countrymen by keeping his reason clear, he was vilified by those very men who should have understood and helped him. That Anatole France and Octave Mirbeau faced about and rallied to the support of the Government in its most exaggerated position was considered an additional proof of Rolland's defection, and some of the most distinguished men in France took up arms against him, deliberately misleading the public as to his intentions, so afraid were they of the effect of his words on popular opinion. Bergson, the well-known philosopher, whose violence since the outbreak of the war must eventually detract from his reputation as a thinker; Professor Aulard, of the Sorbonne, who in this case seems to have entirely forgotten to apply to his statements the usual historian's methods of verification of facts, both wrote ill-founded and venomous attacks, and Henri Massis, in *l'Opinion* and *l'Action Française*, even undertook to belittle "Jean-Christophe" as a feeble means of hurting Rolland's reputation. The very sharpness of the attacks prove their weakness. Indeed, some papers went so far as to pretend not to know who Rolland was or whether he was really French, while Stéphane Servant, in a review in the *Bonnet Rouge* of the injurious attack by Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, inquired whether he had read the official papers!

It is astonishing that a man like Rolland could have been condemned without a hearing in a country which prides itself, as France does, on the liberty of speech it accords. As he put it himself: "I cannot understand why a people who are fighting heroically without for liberty cannot defend it at home." Nothing, of course, but the extreme tension of patriotism roused by war could in any way explain such a situation, or the fact that these malicious attacks were countenanced by the people at large. That they were as successful as they were is due to the fact that Rolland's friends received no hearing, or struggled against a prejudiced censorship which even suppressed certain papers that took his side. Such men as Jacques Mesnil, of the *Mercure de France;* Henri Guilbeaux, of *Demain;* Amédée Dunois, of *l'Humanité;* Jean Longuet, a Socialist Deputy; Maximilien Luce, an artist; Prof. Paul Seippel, of Geneva, and others sprang to his defence, but only by means of Swiss publications or in pamphlets could most of them state their case. Nevertheless, as soon as his articles could be read without mutilation, that is, about last December, when they appeared in book form,* their influence began to spread, so true was it, as one of his defenders said, that many a heart in France was ready to echo to the ideals he stood for, though they dared not themselves run so counter to the public delirium as to express them. Besides the friends and readers who urged M. Rolland to continue his fight, he had other more general proofs of sympathy, as in the address of the Guild of Blacksmiths sent him to protest against the attacks of which he was the object, and to encourage him in his campaign, while a teachers' journal, *l'Ecole de la Fédération des Syndicats d'Instituteurs et d'Institutrices Publics*, gave part of two numbers of their paper to him, and the delegates of the labor unions who met in August, 1915, sent him the following letter, which touched him deeply:

To Romain Rolland:

A meeting of the trades unions, departmental unions of workingmen's syndicates and national federation of corporations and industries, grouped in the general French federation, was held the 15th of August, at Paris. Those delegates who could come together after that conference, unanimously moved by your decision to renounce public expression of your opinions, wished to send you an expression of their ardent sympathy. They beg you not to allow yourself to be moved by the abuse or hostile literary manifestations of those who, alone in the present hour, can freely express their thoughts. As representatives of organizations they assure you that your words have a deep echo among the workers who have remained faithful to their convictions and their ideal of human brotherhood. Moreover, they hope soon to have the joy of learning that you have reconsidered your decision and are resuming your action, more than ever needed.

This decision temporarily to give up the expression of his opinions was due to the impossibility of having them published intact, making a very one-sided struggle, in which, as Rolland said, his enemies had full liberty to express themselves, while his friends' hands were tied and to him was refused the opportunity to explain his position. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that he gave up in discouragement. He wrote to Henri Guilbeaux in September, 1914: "We must not yield to discouragement. After this horrible war our task will be greater and finer than ever. Difficult, without doubt. Perilous, perhaps. But what of that? And so much the better!" How it

*Au-Dessus de la Mêlée.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reminds us of Jean-Christophe, crying: "What is life? A tragedy. Hurrah!"

One of the curious phases of the affair was that, while the French papers were accusing Rolland of being a friend of the Germans, trying to carry on a neutral correspondence with that country, the German papers had joined the general chorus of abuse, and every review which had a tendency to independence of speech in either country was immediately accused of being secretly inspired by him! Nothing could have been more trying to a man of his frankness and jealous individualism. He wrote to me: "I do not consent to any articles being attributed to me except those I have published myself. I am and shall always be a free man, independent of all groups, whether political, social, or religious, and every one in France knows it." As to the accusation that he had written a letter of encouragement to the women at The Hague, though there would certainly have been no disgrace in such an action, in reality the article referred to was written for the English suffragist paper, *Jus Suffragii*, which had asked for it.

Romain Rolland knew well when he began his articles what he was risking. "He who determines to defend peace among men in the midst of war," he said, "feels that he is risking his faith, his tranquillity, his reputation, and even his friends; but what is a faith worth for which one risks nothing?" Again, in a letter to Henri Guilbeaux, from which I have already quoted: "I, too, have passed through a cruel crisis. Not only without but within, so many duties, passions, and hostile instincts. Now, I have seen the light, so far as I am concerned, and I know my duty. It will bring me face to face with those madmen who are feeding on hatred, and it will rouse dangerous rancor against me. But we do not choose our duty, it imposes itself. Mine, with the help of those who share my opinions, is to save from the flood the wreck of European thought." Could any duty be higher or more worthy of the man who, before there was even a menace of war, wrote: "I am not a soldier in the army of force, I am a soldier in the army of the spirit," and "I will not be a party to hatred. I will be just to all my enemies. In the midst of passion I wish to preserve the clarity of my vision, to understand and love everything"? For Rolland's attitude to-day is the logical continuation of his former work, which, while remaining French in the sense of the best traditions of his great country, has always tended to harmonize the genius of France and that of Germany, "the two wings of the West," and, indeed, not only these two countries which he knows best, but the free spirits of all countries, since he understands as few yet do the inter-relation and inter-dependence of the countries and the civilizations of Europe.

Seeing from the beginning that this was a war over spiritual values, his clear vision saw also the upheaval it had wrought in moral values, as evidenced by the curious fact that many of those who had been the most violent revolutionists before were now ranged with the most fanatical oppressors. This same lucidity of thought made him look beyond the present struggle, with its passions and unfairness, to the day when a reconciliation must come; made him understand, as a soldier sympathizer put it, that "much goodness and pardon would be necessary if a solid and durable peace were eventually to be made." To quote again from a personal letter to Henri Guilbeaux, "the watchword of the future must be tolerance, human fraternity, placed above doctrines and differing faiths." "You," he said, referring to his enemies, "are thinking of victory; I am thinking of the peace which will follow it," and he has hesitated at no sacrifice which will help to make that peace real and lasting. His belief is that one who loves France well must necessarily love humanity well, and that the hatred encouraged by the press, appealing as it does to that which is lowest in us, will in the end do more lasting harm than the material losses of the war: "Hatred, which is more deadly than war, for it is an infection produced by its wounds, and it does as much harm to him it possesses as to him it pursues." Rolland believes that those most concerned, the soldiers in the trenches, do not feel any such hatred. They are too close to the great elemental realities of life and death, too close to these men they are killing, not to know that they are brothers, after all, men like themselves, fighting for the ideals of their countries. And he is right, for if a few of those who, safe in their studies, sacrifice the moral leadership that is theirs by right of superior opportunity or gifts, to a fanaticism that is nothing less than cowardice in men safe from harm themselves, the words of France's real spiritual leader, Romain Rolland, are finding an echo in many hearts and are pinned on the walls of many a workingman's cottage.

I wish I could quote all the letters written in the trenches by men in every walk of life: simple soldiers, officers, writers, etc., to express their approval and appreciation of the action of this man who has not failed them in their time of stress. Some of these letters are being published every month in the *Revue Mensuelle*, of Geneva, which is one of those journals that have taken up Rolland's defence. Lines from a few may give an idea of their tenor. Corporal K. V. says: "In the light of the brutality of facts I have judged my former masters. In them I sought consolation, support, encouragement, and I found they were incapable of understanding me. What admirations I have lost! But that I felt for Romain Rolland has only grown." The poet, Maurice Martinet, speaks of Rolland's voice as "the conscience of the silent, many silent through cowardice," while a captain of artillery writes: "There are soldiers at the front who, like Romain Rolland, try not to tarnish their patriotism with hatred and vengeance." The following tribute is from J. B. R., novelist, officer, and recipient of the Croix de Guerre: "We doctors, artists, writers, professors, have had to give up the use we made of our strength in times of peace, in order to strain every effort with a sort of fixed intoxication towards this unique end—the defeat of Germany. I salute as a brother in arms the man who has strained all his own strength towards this end—the defeat of the spirit of jealousy, misunderstanding, injury, reciprocal scorn, and hatred among nations; the defeat of the spirit of material enterprise against the liberty of neighboring countries. For one of these victories without the other would be an immense miscarriage." And, finally, these touching words from another soldier, who said: "Our man at the front is Romain Rolland. We have only scorn for those who, in the rear, preach hatred. We have made the sacrifice of our lives, but we do not want to die hating"; and of this boy of twenty, who wrote to M. Rolland: "Since you are speaking to the two countries, sir, tell those poor Germans, who must moan as we do over so much suffering, that there are men in France who feel only commiseration for them, and that even while fighting them, we pity them for their misery, like unto our own. We cannot survive so much sadness save by love." In addition to these lines taken at random from letters from the front may I add the following from an article by a Dutch poet and philosopher, Frederick van Eeden? "My defence can be summed up in two words. France has had great poets, great novelists; but her greatest glory is in the men of unswerving character, of free and proud spirit, the men of purely human qualities, which surpass in value to all humanity the artistic and literary gifts. Such a man was Victor Hugo. And, after him, I know of no one who so closely resembles him as Romain Rolland."

Europe is going through a phase of destruction which has never been equalled. Romain Rolland's work is opposed to this because of its deeply constructive qualities. The war, to him, is a test of the real spirit of Europe as opposed to the passions of the several nations, and from it he hopes there will arise a new symphony of harmony and aspiration, in which there will be greater unity and coöperation, and a new patriotism which will not presuppose hatred of other countries. No one who reads Rolland's work can help feeling the profound love of humanity that inspires it. He loves France, and believes in the justice of her cause, yet he never forgets that France is not an isolated unit, but a part of the great whole we are only beginning to understand—the world, humanity. Rolland's voice is human rather than exclusively French, yet for that very reason is representative of the best in France, the France that has fought and dreamed for the progress of humanity. He does not deny that she is fighting now for the principles of that civilization, but he wants her, while fighting, to remain true to her highest ideals and her greatest traditions. He has carried on his work patiently, tenaciously, upheld by the deep faith that was in him. As he explained to me: "I only said a few things, very calm, very moderate,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which should have been thought and expressed by thousands of others." His courage and devotion to what he believes true have made him enemies, but have also made him friends all over the world "who consider the animosity that surrounds him to-day as an honor to him"; and when the final accounts are rendered and the aberrations of war-time have been forgotten, I venture to predict that Rolland's name will be the one his countrymen will be proudest of. For as he said in "Jean-Christophe": "Reason is the country of all men. Passion passes, reason remains. Reason and love"; and that is the country he has sought to defend.

Correspondence

FRANCE AS TEACHER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Margaret Sherwood, of Wellesley, recently made pertinent reference in your columns to the fact that Americans might find that they had much to learn in terms of truly cultural constructiveness from an intensive study of the French educational system. But it is more than a possibility that America has something to learn from France in this particular: It is an established fact and one, in a measure, that has been demonstrated in at least three books by American educators, setting forth in scholarly and illuminating fashion the whole *schema* of French education up to the University.

Prof. Ernest F. Farrington, of Columbia University, has published two studies of the French schools: "French Secondary Schools" and "The Public Primary School System of France." These two volumes, with their wealth of practical illustrations built upon an underlying foundation of a brilliant exposition of the fundamental factors underlying French educational theory, have been, until recently, the only two fountain-heads of inspiration and knowledge for the curious American student in this field. But there has recently been an addition. The Harvard Press is now publishing in its second edition within a year—in itself an indication to Professor Sherwood that there are those who share her curiosity—Prof. R. W. Brown's "How the French Boy Learns to Write: A Study of the Teaching of the Mother Tongue." Quite independently of Professor Farrington's method and material, this sound and brilliant exposition, thoroughly bolstered with first-hand knowledge, sets before the American teacher that intricate yet widely coördinate system whereby every French boy has, as if by divine birthright, a feeling for style and an instinct for accurate and vivid expression. Especially can no teacher of English composition, whether of university or lower grade, fail to ignore this study. The infinite analysis of *programmes*, the careful grouping and exposition of the reprinted student's themes, the characterization of the French Lycée master—a characterization that probes into questions of personality and professional training in order to discover the secret of teaching efficiency—all these points and many more are massed and ordered before our eyes that we may look guiltily to ourselves and our own lop-sided system of glittering generalities.

But there is much yet to be studied in French education. There is yet to be written in English an exposition of that system whereby the French master teaches a boy not only to read in a given foreign language, but to think and to speak. (It is to France that one must look for the best exemplification and application of that too frequently derided "direct method" of language instruction.) There also remains to be written a study of the *spirit* of the French university—of the University of Paris—that indefinable and potent spirit, never expressible and never obtainable in terms of marble halls, endowed libraries, shower baths, stadiums, and winning athletic teams. It would be interesting to understand a little of those processes whereby the French university finds itself a thing of vital impulse to the nation at large.

No one who has ever come into even the most superficial contact with French education or its results can fail to wonder why so long America has been blind to what it might obtain from its great sister republic. Slowly but surely there is being forced abroad even into the inner circles of the universities the fact that "Kultur" and culture are not always synonymous. Despite the undeniable prodigality of Germany's gift to modern educational progress there remains a something lacking in this gift, a something compounded of humanism, a something that does not divide with "scientific" exactitude life and knowledge, but keeps them one and the same inseparable. And for some, this *something* finds its best exemplification in French character and that system of education that goes to foster it.

C. J. Masseck.

Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., October 20.

SHAKESPEARE IN PURITAN DISGUISE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present renewed interest in everything touching the name of Shakespeare may justify the reprinting of a curious document given in full in "Seilhamer's History of the American Stage" (I, 123). Seilhamer states that it is "a play-bill which John Bernard copied many years afterward from one that had been preserved by Mr. Morris." The bill reads:

"King's Arms Tavern, Newport, Rhode Island.
"On Monday, June 10, at the Public Room of the Above Inn will be delivered a series of

"MORAL DIALOGUES
"IN FIVE PARTS

"Depicting the Evil Effects of Jealousy and Other Bad Passions, and Proving that Happiness can only spring from the Pursuit of Virtue.

"Mr. Douglas will represent a noble and magnanimous Moor named Othello, who loves a young lady named Desdemona, and after he has married her, harbors (as in too many cases) the dreadful passion of jealousy.

"Of jealousy our being's bane
Mark the small cause, and the most dreadful pain.

"Mr. Allyn will depict the character of a specious villain, in the regiment of Othello, who is so base as to hate his commander on mere suspicion, and to impose on his best friend. Of such characters, it is to be feared, there are thousands in the world, and the one in question may present to us a salutary warning.

"The man that wrongs his master and his friend,
What can he come to but a shameful end?

"Mr. Hallam will delineate a young and thoughtless officer, who is traduced by Mr. Allyn, and getting drunk loses his situation, and his general's esteem. All young men, whatsoever, take example from Cassio.

"The ill effects of drinking would you see?
Be warned and keep from evil company.

"Mr. Morris will represent an old gentleman, the father of Desdemona, who is not cruel or covetous, but is foolish enough to dislike the noble Moor, his son-in-law, because his face is not white, forgetting that we all spring from one root. Such prejudices are very numerous and very wrong.

"Fathers beware what sense and love ye lack,
'Tis crime, not color, makes the being black.

"Mr. Quelch will depict a fool, who wishes to become a knave, and trusting one gets killed by him. Such is the friendship of rogues—take heed.

"When fools would knaves become, how often you'll
Perceive the knave not wiser than the fool.

"Mrs. Morris will represent a young and virtuous wife, who being wrongfully suspected gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband.

"Reader attend; and ere thou goest hence
Let fall a tear to hapless innocence.

"Mrs. Douglas will be her faithful attendant, who will hold out a good example to all servants, male and female, and to all persons in subjection.

"Obedience and gratitude
Are things as rare as they are good.

"Various other dialogues, too numerous to mention here, will be delivered at night, all adapted to the improvement of the mind and manners. The whole will be repeated on Wednesday and Saturday. Tickets, six shillings each, to be had within. Commencement at 7, conclusion at half-past 10, in order that every spectator may go home at a sober hour and reflect upon what he has seen before he retires to rest.

"God save the king,
And long may he sway,
East, North, and South,
And fair America."

Concerning this performance Seilhamer, I believe, falls into two errors. First, while acknowledging that the "moral dialogues" must have been Shakespeare's "Othello" disguised, he is strangely unwilling to admit that the reason for this disguise was the legal prohibition of such entertainments, but suggests that the term "moral dialogues" was employed merely because the play was given in a tavern rather than in a theatre. That is to say, Seilhamer misses the delicious humor of the whole piece, particularly of the closing sentence. Then, in view of the enactment of stringent legislation against the giving of plays by the Rhode Island Assembly in August, 1762, he dates this performance as June 10, 1761, or 1762.

But there can be no serious question as to the year. Only once between 1754 and 1771 did June 10 fall on Monday. That was in 1765, the summer of the passage of the Stamp act, a measure which, as Seilhamer states elsewhere, aroused much prejudice against Douglass's company of London actors. Now the Douglasses, the Morrises, Allyn, Hallam, and Quelch are all named in contemporary newspapers among the actors playing in Charleston during the season of 1763-4, and most of them again in 1766. They evidently visited New England during the interim.

Robert Adger Law.

University of Texas, October 23.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

Japan and America: A Contrast. By Carl Crow. New York: Robert McBride & Co. $1.50 net.

The author of this book has a fairly intimate acquaintance with Japan, such as will impress the superficial reader, and he proceeds complacently with the serious task of contrasting his own country with the island empire. The other country comes off very badly in the process, not through deliberate unfairness on his part, but because of his inherent sciolism. He writes as a practical man, whose standards of political ethics are wholly taken from his earlier environment and school education, with its conventional laudation of all things American. Yet in order to deal with the fundamentals of civilization as he does, a long and careful historical training is imperative. The world no longer accepts Jeffersonian Democracy, in which he seems to place implicit faith, as the final word in political science. Since Jefferson's time the principle of evolution has been applied to governments, and we regard them as natural growths, not as deliberately framed methods of grasping power. Mr. Crow seems to look upon loyalty to a sovereign as mean subservience, and the rampant assertion of personal liberty as the noblest attitude of the individual member of a state. "Obedience to his [the Emperor's] rescript and loyalty to him," he remarks, in a sentence that halts in its syntax, "is the beginning and end of Japanese morality." This word "loyalty," never more honored than to-day, is a positive bugbear to our author.

While referring in high terms to the work of our Christian missionaries in Japan, he reveals little interest in religious matters. He evidently has no conception that religion, instead of being a negligible quantity, is a vital element in the final psychological analysis of a people, rulers and ruled. A people *is* what it reveres. Surely, a nation is all the stronger for the fact that it has conserved unbroken throughout the centuries reverence for its laws and institutions. Indeed, this will almost serve for a definition of Shintō in Japan. The following passage (p. 32) is therefore a mere tissue of blunders:

> No moral system or religion could have been invented which would have more securely fastened on the lower classes the rule of the upper. The first tenet of the Shinto creed (the national ethical code of Japan which has been garnished with the trappings of religion), and, indeed, the only tenet of that system which may be stated with any degree of certainty, is, "Obey the Emperor." No religion has ever been taught more systematically, or strengthened with more petty devices of ritual and superstition; and no religion has been used more successfully as a means of keeping the people silent under oppressive and unjust rule.

Those who know the history of Shintō tell a different story. After its supplanting by Buddhism fourteen centuries ago, says Dr. G. W. Knox ("Religion in Japan," p. 65), the native cult remained as court ceremonial and ritual, and "no attempt was made to instruct the people in the legends or in the ritual. The priests were laymen, with an hereditary interest in the shrine, while Buddhism supplied theology and Confucianism ethics." It is true that, fifty years ago, at the Restoration, a somewhat academic attempt was made to systematize Shintō and, by the supplying of directions for daily prayers and rites, to place it on a level with Buddhism; but to little purpose. With the overthrow of the Tokugawa Shōgunate, indeed, Buddhism was disestablished, and Shintō put in the place of honor. But as a system its day was long past, and it could not maintain itself. Before a decade was gone, it had sunk to the position of a subordinate bureau. Yet it still stands for the unity of the national life, the sum of its reminiscences.

Japanese Buddhism, on the other hand, which, especially in the Zen form, was the chosen cult of the fighting men of Japan, has again renewed its vitality. The seventh and last article of Group 5, quoted by our author as among the extraordinary demands made by Japan on China, reads: "China agrees that Japanese subjects shall have the right to propagate religious (Buddhist) doctrines in China." It is evident that Mr. Crow has not grasped the religious situation, for his two references to Buddhism (pp. 129-137) are trivial and contemptuous.

It is his contention throughout that the Japanese are by nature so antipathetic to us, a liberty-loving people, that their government has constantly discriminated against us, wilfully choosing their instructors and models in Europe, when we had as good or better to offer them. Unfortunately, his foundation of facts is faulty. Referring to the Imperial mission which visited this country in 1872, having for one of its objects "the discovery of institutions which could be advantageously adopted," he goes on to state that "Prince Iwakura, who was at the head of the Embassy, looked with disapproval on the democratic institutions of America, and Prince Ito, a member of the party, found in Prussia that system of Imperialism and autocracy which he later engrafted on Japan." He apparently confuses the visit in 1872 of Iwakura, not then Prince, with the later mission of Itō, not then even Count, which took place a decade later. The Iwakura mission resulted in a somewhat wholesale adoption of American methods in education, banking, agriculture, and other departments. In the field of international law, indeed, the Japanese have always relied on their American advisers, one of them, the late H. W. Dennison, being the best-paid foreigner in their employ. Wherever Japan has been able to use American specialists she has done so readily. But her rulers have other considerations to take into account than mere friendliness, which was conspicuously not absent in this case. They desired to go to the best market, and find the goods that would best serve the national needs.

Mr. Crow believes that Japan is at heart a bitter enemy of the United States, that she has been nursing her wrath for all these years, and is determined sooner or later to bring the issue to the arbitrament of arms. Nothing surely is farther from the reality. He does, however, make out a heavy case against the treatment of China following the capture of Tsingtau, and he is right in comparing the Japanese demands on China with the demands made by Austria on Servia which precipitated the present war. If Count Okuma had fulfilled his promises to the world to hand over the captured territory to China, thus proving that his country's motive in waging war was to secure the independence of her great neighbor, we should have no issue whatever with Japan to-day. Our own treatment of Japanese immigrants on the Pacific Coast is hard to justify, although Mr. Crow, with his strong bias, refuses to admit that they have any grievance. But Japan has not been the pupil of Germany since 1886 without imbibing a stimulating dose of German militarism. As the real underlying cause of the present war was the determination of Germany to become the heir of the moribund Turkish Empire, so is it the deliberate policy of Japan to make every use of the feebleness of Peking to become overlord of a disintegrating China. The attitude of an ambitious Japanese Foreign Minister like Baron Katō is perhaps best expressed in the terms of our own Secretary of State, Richard Olney, dating twenty-odd years back: Japan "means to be practically sovereign [in eastern Asia], and to have its fiat law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

Mr. Crow is quite right in insisting on the great poverty of the soil of Japan, and the impossibility of her adding almost any burden to her present financial load. With the rich coal-fields of China, and the boundless resources of the Celestial Empire once captured, Japan would no longer be at the mercy of American and European financiers. The last thing in the world that she desires is a war with this country; but she is determined to have a free hand in China, and our presence in the Philippines is always likely to bring intervention nearer. For the "open-door" policy she does not appear to have any use whatever; and if we are prepared to fight for this principle, the issue is certain to present itself. In any case, China deserves our sympathy and aid in the remorseless attack which Japan has made on her national honor and independence. But the reason for our sympathy is no inherent dislike of Japan, more than reciprocated by the Japanese—as Mr. Crow would have us believe—but a ruthless policy of aggrandizement which the party uppermost in the Tōkyō Cabinet to-day considers to be necessary for the national glory and consistent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the latest and most scientific political science.

CURRENT FICTION.

Multitude and Solitude. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a more sincere piece of fiction than "Captain Margaret," but we doubt whether it would have been presented to American readers if it were not for Mr. Masefield's popularity as a poet. It is based upon the always useful idea of the return to Nature, the escape from the complexity and falsity of city life and aims, in the direction of some simple and useful contact with reality. The central figure is a young London playwright who has just succeeded at his job when the woman he loves is suddenly drowned. The need of escape is immediate, and an odd series of coincidences, in which he believes the spirit of the dead woman has had a hand, determines its direction. He goes to Africa with a young Englishman who has been studying the sleeping sickness and has himself fallen a victim to it in its earlier phases. They determine to push their way into the unknown interior, for the sake of certain experiments which cannot be made elsewhere. Racked by fever and robbed and deserted by their native carriers, they presently find themselves in the neighborhood of a village which has been abandoned to a handful of blacks upon whom the dread sickness has descended. The two adventurers have different theories as to the nature and treatment of the disease, and it is the ex-playwright who finally triumphs, and restores his companion to life when his case has seemed quite hopeless. The pair return to England determined to take up their fight there—"a crusade against the weariness and filth of cities." The difficulty with the story is that the adventures in the jungle are romantic to the point of absurdity, and by no means in themselves prepare us for the lofty enunciation with which the book concludes: "The world is just coming to see that science is not a substitute for religion, but religion of a very deep and austere kind."

The Further Side of Silence. By Sir Hugh Clifford. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Sir Hugh Clifford's volume of Malayan sketches appears as fiction, but he himself tells us in his interesting preface that with one exception they are "all relations of incidents in which I have had a part, or in which the principal actors have been familiarly known to me." No one, not Conrad himself, knows the Malayan Peninsula more intimately, or writes of it with more charm, than the author, who went there as a boy in his teens and spent twenty years in the service of the British Government in "that most beautiful and at one time little frequented corner of Asia." Those who are familiar with the methods by which Great Britain rules her dependencies will not be unduly surprised to learn that Sir Hugh Clifford was sent on a special mission to the Sultan of Pahang before he was quite twenty-one years of age, or that, the mission being successful and Pahang with its 15,000 square miles of territory passing under the "protection" of Great Britain, the precocious infant who had conducted the negotiations was appointed Political Agent at the Sultan's court. "Rarely seeing a white face or speaking a word of my own tongue, it thus fell to my lot to be admitted to *les coulisses* of life in a native state, as it was before the influence of Europeans had tampered with its eccentricities." It is mainly with these eccentricities that the stories in the present volume deal, and they give an extraordinarily vivid picture of a life in many ways comparable to that of Europe as it emerged from the dark ages. The story from which the volume takes its title is a moving little romance of the love of a Malay for a maiden of the inferior (and grossly persecuted) Sâkai race, in which, as in many of the sketches, a rôle of prime importance is played by the jungle. Some of the sketches are terrible enough, as that of "A Malayan Prison," which goes far to justify the author's caustic comments on charges of "hungry acquisitiveness" laid against British Imperial methods in semi-barbarous lands, but all are told with sympathy and are well salted with humor. An intimate acquaintance with Malayan dialects would appear to assist in the formation of a vigorous and graceful style in English.

Helen. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Many years ago Arthur Sherburne Hardy, editor and man of letters, wrote a novel entitled "But Yet a Woman." Its types were of delicate definiteness, and the style that which Ben Jonson praised—it preserved the sweetness of proportion and expressed itself beyond expression. In other words, Mr. Hardy had the French touch. In "Helen" we have another international novel, but the manner, firm as to construction, light as to handling, that charmed in his first novel and in "The Wind of Destiny," is absent here. Helen, the heroine, is direct, as becomes the native-born American, blood and tradition overcoming education. Fearing is frank and robust—another type. Young Trécourt is brave, emotional, dramatic. Mme. de Chavigny, in her apartment in the Rue de Bac, on the *quatrième étage*, her high-shouldered dwelling, wedged in partial darkness between the delicatessen and the antiquity shops, is of the old régime, living in refined squalor. Princess Tatia walks out of the Russian steppes and has a flat nose. The reader has no difficulty in putting the right names on the right people. But to name a character and to visualize it are two different feats. Meredith, with his accustomed acumen, says that perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. Because Mr. Hardy has not himself seen his Shelley plain, he is full of backings and fillings, hesitations and relentings, and at last out comes the old machinery with the time-honored escape from difficulties in the death of a troublesome hero. Mr. Hardy is the American Halévy, but this time he sacrifices sharpness of vision to experiments in psychological situation.

Loot. By Arthur Somers Roche. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Roche begins well and ends ill. An English lawyer is sent by an American money-king from London over to New York to fetch a diamond necklace worth a trifle of two million dollars, and to represent him in some railway deal. The lord of the criminal world in New York learns of the errand, and our lawyer finds himself the object of mysterious plots and happenings. The reader expects a good treat in the contest of wits between the lawyer and the crime-king, but instead of that the Englishman is kidnapped out of the story, and a young and rather featureless detective is brought in. A perfectly extravagant account of looting the great jewelry house which has the necklace in safe-keeping gives the story its name. The conclusion is of the sudden, unexpected sort that is the bane of the honest reader of detective yarns. It is pity that the author let a good plot slip through his fingers.

The Painted Scene. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

These are excellent examples of the American magazine story. They have the dramatic quality, the picturesqueness, the snap and the kick, which, in the consulship of "O. Henry," have become almost matters of prescription with many publications. But if they conform to a fashion, they are by no means cheap imitations. For one thing, they are refreshing for their wholesome treatment of material which has been grossly or morbidly handled by many of Mr. Webster's contemporaries. His theme is the chorus-girl and the stage-door "Johnny," but he seeks neither to cast a false glamour over them, nor to exploit them as prostitutes and satyrs. It is clear that they interest him very much, and that he has found much in them to like and to admire. The title-story is perhaps the best of the group, and illustrates Mr. Webster's knack at finding a good human quality in even the most garishly painted scene. A young man, who might be any young man, makes advances, at first sight, to a chorus-girl who might be any chorus-girl. She accepts his invitation to supper, and with the champagne flowing, the stage seems to be set for the sordid old one-act sketch. But it chances that neither of them is quite ordinary, and that in a quite simple and wholesome way each of them turns out to be a Good Samaritan for the other. The little Globe Theatre, apropos of which most of these tales are told, will be recalled from "The Real Adventure," as will that humane cynic and dramatic critic, Jimmy Wallace. The Globe stands out from these pages with extraordinary vividness—a shabby, vulgar, venal, and yet somehow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not altogether ignoble show-place. Here is plenty of uncompromising detail, and yet the book has a charm denied to naturalism. We suspect that Mr. Dreiser would denounce the author as a sentimentalist of poaching habits. Current fiction, on the whole, has plenty of room for this kind of sentiment.

Adam's Garden. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

If Mrs. Putnam may be called incorrigibly romantic, that need imply no shortcoming as a teller of tales. It might imply, and it must include in her case, a habit of mixing her genres. She prefers a basis of extravaganza, a motivation resting on unconcealed sensibility of the good old-fashioned sort, characters culled for a Manhattan *comédie humaine*, and such backgrounds as invite the realist. The city is ransacked for its types, from Columbia professors and young girl aviators to catnip peddlers and gunmen. She casts them in an elaborate plot ominously darkened by a downright villain, without calling upon the reader at any point to take their difficulties too much to heart and saucing their drama the while in a spirit of commentary such as our present hero would call "the boiling up of unformulated religion." But if the reader is never breathless with excitement, neither is he asked to tarry. Mrs. Putnam fulfils the first requirement of her art, that of telling a tale. From the first word to the last its progress never pauses.

SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE ONCE MORE.

The Balkan Peninsula. By Frank Fox. London: A. & C. Black.

Another book on the Balkan countries! and this after all the books we had already. Nevertheless, this particular book is worth having, preferable to many that have gone before it. The author seems to be an Australian, and he has the large breeziness and dashing offhand manner that belong to the Southern Continent. He is also a newspaper correspondent, and went through the Balkan War of 1912, being then mostly with the Bulgarian army. He has the great merit of showing no partisanship for any one of the contending peoples, and he sees clearly the merits, and not less clearly the defects, of Greeks, Serbs, Bulgars, Rumans, Albanians, and Turks, knowing, however, comparatively little of the last three named. His characterizations of the three former are substantially fair and correct. He likes the peasantry of all these nations, and describes their simple virtues—kindliness, hospitality, frugality, and patriotic courage—in a way which makes it seem strange that they should all alike be guilty of atrocities in war which excite the horror of Americans or Englishmen. Such, nevertheless, is the fact. The Bulgarians are among these peoples the most solid, steady, and industrious, the Serbs the most imaginative and on the whole the most likable, the Greeks the most versatile and apt for commerce. Rumania is the only one of these countries which has an aristocracy, and has also, by consequence, a social or economic question, for the peasantry are oppressed by the rich landowners, whereas in the other countries democratic equality prevails. The principles of democracy, however, can hardly be said to be actually applied in politics. Mr. Fox observes: "Practically, the governments of the Balkan States are oligarchies tempered by assassination," a remark which has as much truth in it as can be expected from any epigram. He has a low, and indeed an equally low, opinion of all the Balkan governments. All are alike selfish in their aims, all alike mendacious in their diplomacy. The fact is that they belong to a stage of civilization from which most of the civilized European countries emerged two or three centuries ago. The murder of the King and Queen of Servia some years ago at Belgrade by their personal enemies was just the sort of thing that used to happen in Scotland in the sixteenth century, and the northern Albanians are more barbarous now than the Scottish Highlanders were in the fifteenth century. As for the Turks—or, rather, the ruling Turks, whether a Sultan or Young Turk "Committee of Union and Progress"—they are irreclaimable, just as unscrupulous and just as cruel as they were before they took Constantinople in 1453, and far less efficient.

Mr. Fox gives a vivacious account of his experiences as a correspondent, and concludes that under the conditions of modern warfare this occupation is now becoming useless, because censors do not allow anything that is both true and interesting to get through. He praises the courage of the Bulgarian troops, but blames the strategy which failed both to keep pressing hard on the defeated Turks and to capture Adrianople, and he condemns still more severely the total want of medical organization, owing to which the army was sadly crippled by disease. If the Bulgarians fought well, so did the Serbs and Montenegrins, and even the Greeks, from whom least had been expected. All this was written more than a year ago, before Bulgaria had come into the present war.

The book opens with an historical sketch of Servia, Bulgaria, and Rumania, commendably clear and brief, but a little shaky as to the origins and relations of the several races. It ends with some remarks on the future. Mr. Fox's forecasts are not very cheering. He deplores the bitter antagonisms which now divide the Balkan States, and wishes for some strong and imposing personality to bring them together, create another alliance and save them from their too powerful neighbors. But after passing in review the four most eminent statesmen whom he finds in the four states—Nikolitch the Serb, Dimitrieff the Bulgarian, Taku Jonescu the Rumanian, and Venizelos the Cretan Greek—he finds no one of these likely to meet the needs of the hour. It is much to be hoped that when the end of the war comes the settlement of the frontiers between the several states may be made on the lines of nationality. Nothing else will open a prospect of future peace.

A RUSSIAN HISTORICAL EPIC.

The Tale of the Armament of Igor. A. D. 1185. A Russian Historical Epic. Edited and translated by Leonard A. Magnus, LL.B. With revised Russian text, translation, notes, introduction, and glossary. Oxford University Press. $2 net.

"The Tale of Igor's Raid," to use a title that the reviewer would prefer, is by far the most obscure and problematic document in the whole range of Russian literature. One wonders, therefore, whether Mr. Magnus was serious when in his Preface he described his edition as "intended as a handbook to the increasing number of students of the Russian language, and to reveal to the general public one of the treasures of Russian mediæval literature." For any person who knew enough Russian to use this book with the least intelligence could without difficulty avail himself of an edition published in Russia, and the general public can turn to the translation of the work in Professor Wiener's "Anthology of Russian Literature."

Briefly, the "Tale" gives an account, in a highly fanciful, poetic style, of an unsuccessful expedition by Igor, Prince of Novgorod-Seversky, against the heathen Polovtsy in the year 1185. If genuine—for its authenticity is not quite above suspicion—it was written soon after the events recorded in it. It was first published in 1800 by Count Musin-Pushkin, from a manuscript which he procured from a Russian monastery, and which perished in the Moscow fire of 1812. About this little work, which contains only some 2,700 words, the most vigorous controversy has raged, not only over the interpretation of single passages, for whole sections of it are unintelligible without radical emendation, but on such fundamental questions as in what language it was written, whether it was composed in verse or in prose, whether its author was a man of literary training or an "untutored popular bard."

This is not the place to discuss in detail Mr. Magnus's work as editor. It is industrious and often ingenious, but it is amateurish and careless. Mr. Magnus has gathered together valuable historical material, and he has bravely reconstructed the text of each hard passage, rivalling the Russians in boldness of conjecture; but he has not worked up his data into a well-ordered whole. He has arranged his notes and glossary in most perplexing fashion, and he has not read his proof carefully. Some serious blunders may be specified. Once he constructs a reading *na Shelomyanem* (line 174), which he translates "on the frontier hill," forgetting that *na* is not used with the instrumental case; the correct phrase, *za Shelomyanem*, had occurred just above (line

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

126). *Po bylinam* (line 6) he renders "in accordance with the ballads," with no hint that this is a mere guess from the context. The real meaning is probably "in accord with the events," the modern word *bylina* (ballad) having its origin in a false interpretation of this very line, as Vsevolod Miller has shown in his "Sketches of Russian Popular Literature: the Byliny" (Moscow, 1897), pp. 27-29. Finally, the following passage of Mr. Magnus's Introduction (page liii) shows either a surprising lack of skill in expression or a more surprising misconception of the facts:

> The one outstanding feature is that the language is identical with that of the Chronicles of that time, all of which seem to be written in Church Slavonic which is in process of change into Russian. Thus all through these Chronicles on the same page, even in the same sentence, forms are found of the same word in Bulgarian and Russian vocalization. Evidently the sounds were shifting and spelling was lagging behind.

Naturally, the Russians never spoke Church Slavonic, which is the Bulgarian language of the ninth century. Into this tongue the earliest missionaries to the Slavs had translated the Gospels and other texts. Hence the Russians, when converted to Christianity, came to use it as their written language, but they continually introduced in it, from ignorance and heedlessness, forms of their own speech.

Notes

"Story of My Life and Work," by C. Frederick Wright, will be published next month by the Bibliotheca Sacra Company.

The following volumes are announced by Houghton Mifflin Company: A large-paper edition of John Muir's "A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf"; "A Man of Athens," by Julia Dragoumis; "Harvest Moon," by Josephine Preston Peabody; Sara Cone Bryant's "Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones," illustrated by Willy Pogany; "Favorites of a Nursery of Seventy Years Ago," compiled by Edith Emerson Forbes; "Old Tavern Signs," by Fritz Endell.

One has a curious feeling in reading J. Lewis May's graceful translation of Anatole France's "Pierre Nozière" (Lane; $1.75) that the book was written in a vanished age of the world—in some golden afternoons a great while ago. The impression is partly due to the reminiscential character of the miscellany, and partly to one's shock at the incongruity of contemporary events in France with the bland and languorous serenity which pervades the volume. The first book contains some delightful sketches of the author's childhood and early youth. The second, consisting of "notes written by Pierre Nozière in the margin of his big 'Plutarch,'" assembles characteristic fragmentary speculations on human reason and prejudice, with a dialogue in praise of ignorance, happily termed a "lovers' quarrel" with the intellect. The third book comprises Pierre Nozière's travels in France. Pierre was not a great traveller. What he loved was to wander about among the peasants in Brittany, or to settle down in a little town in the valley of the Somme and draw deep into his lungs the fragrance of the sweet soil of France, to dream over the ancient churches, to revive the legends of local saints, to study the vestiges of pagan superstition lingering among the Christian observances of the simple folk of the countryside. He is an antiquarian, tender and devout, drawing the very soul of poetry from northern France, now devastated and shot-smitten. "It is painful for me," he says, speaking of the work of architectural restoration, "to witness the destruction of even the smallest stone in an ancient building. . . . Time employs nor mallet nor chisel; his tools are the sun, the moonlight, and the north wind. He brings the handiwork of the craftsman to exquisite perfection. What he adds is alike indefinable and beyond all price." So tranquilly æsthetic is his contemplation at times that he delights in the note which a picturesque beggar adds to the landscape: "These beggars are one of the beauties of Brittany, one of the symphonies of that land of moor and rock." A torpedo boat putting out to sea troubles him a little—æsthetically, also; yet "no doubt people like them because they have a formidable aspect and titillate the gentle love of carnage that purrs placidly in the depths of every bourgeois breast. . . . Monsieur Renan said he wished they would set scientists and philosophers to command such craft, instead of sailors; for philosophers could meditate on the Eternal Verities until the time came for them to be blown into the air." This is the placid purring of golden afternoons a great while ago. How all that has been blown into the air!

Mr. Joseph McCabe, the author of "The Tyranny of Shams" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net), is one of the leaders of the new enlightenment which is sincerely striving to ameliorate the conditions of the downtrodden. He believes that mankind has been steadily growing wiser and better and apparently that the New Jerusalem would be an accomplished fact but for the handicap imposed by outworn traditions. After an introductory chapter to indicate how widespread is the spirit of revolt against the old order, he deals in turn with fallacies underlying the present conceptions of armies, nationalism, politics, economics, education, morality, and religion. This is a big order which one might expect to find attempted in a single volume only by a dreamer. But Mr. McCabe insists that he is above all practical and that he has limited himself to suggestions which might be worked out, if only more could see the light, here and now. The fine gusto with which the book is written, as well as the show of genuine learning in several fields, will doubtless hearten many humanitarians who, like himself, are convinced of man's perfectibility and are not much impressed by the failures of previous ages. With all its shortcomings, it is a remarkably stimulating volume.

The goal of the author's aspirations is human brotherhood; he would wipe out relentlessly all barriers which check it. So the "sham" of patriotism would tend to disappear by the use of a universal language, which would at a bound remove many of the misunderstandings that cause friction among peoples. Yet to prove that he is not so utterly a modernist as to be insensitive to the treasures of past civilization he suggests that the classics of all tongues might properly be translated into this world language! Nor is Mr. McCabe more practical when he discusses the "idols of the home." Insisting that to enjoy some measure of happiness is every one's birthright, he would make divorce easy to obtain and would regard free love as the concern of no one but the persons engaged in it. So obsessed is the author by man's highmindedness when unhampered by artificial restraints that he fails to see the benefits of hardships in the achieving of personal character and integrity. Such blindness verges, of course, on the pure naturalism of Rousseau. Enough has been said to indicate the somewhat careless ease with which Mr. McCabe overrides difficulties which all ages have tried in vain to solve. Yet his volume is instinct with a vigorous desire to alleviate misery, and contains just condemnation of the selfish policy of *laissez faire,* particularly of the militaristic sham.

Horace J. Bridges, head of the Ethical Society of Chicago, seeing the waning power of the church to-day, has come to the rescue with his study of "The Religion of Experience" (Macmillan; $1.50 net). He has noted clearly many of the difficulties of the present situation, and the remedies he proposes are in some cases sound. We like his advice to the preacher to be a religious teacher and not try to combine the rôles of Miss Jane Addams, Dr. Graham Taylor, Professor Zueblin, and Billy Sunday. There is good counsel in such words as these:

> The clergyman ought to reserve at least four hours of every working day (that is, of every day), for reading and study, apart from the immediate work of preparing his discourses and his material for class teaching. If he does this conscientiously, he may, by the time he is forty, be really competent to grapple with the complex moral and spiritual needs of our age. In doing this work, he ought to be as jealous of his time, and of the claims of his task, as any banker or editor or doctor or lawyer. He ought to repudiate as essentially unreasonable the idea that he is to be constantly at the disposal of the out-of-work, or of idle members of his congregation seeking the luxury of private spiritual consultation and personally administered soothing syrup.

Much also of Mr. Bridges's philosophy is sound, notably his analysis of the evolutionary hypothesis in its earlier form and as it has been passed through the imagination of M. Bergson. He is right in maintaining that the one thing for the religious teacher to aim at in these days is to put his doctrine on the positive basis of psychological experience. But—and here Mr. Bridges is only a victim of the age—it does not appear that he has any experience to offer that is really religious in its nature. When he comes to the practical application of his theories his supposedly spiritual insight evaporates into those philanthropical and sociological concerns which he blamed the preachers for following at the expense of religion. We have nothing to say against philanthropy and political reform, but the pulpit can never regain its power until it speaks again to the individual soul of a need other than, and deeper than, these. The true religion of experience can be proclaimed only by those who have found for themselves the peace that passeth understanding.

The most notable item in Volume XLIX of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Boston: The Society) is a group of letters of Goldwin Smith to Charles Eliot Norton, written between 1863 and 1872. The letters, most of which are dated at Ox-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ford, are filled with racy comment on the political events of the moment, particularly in England; and there are some sobering reflections upon the decay of manners and morals in France. A humorous reminder of the uncertainties of American railway travel just after the Civil War is found in a letter of November, 1868, written upon Smith's arrival in New York *en route* to his duties at Cornell: "I go on this evening by the Erie Railway to Ithaca, and as about one train in every three on the average arrives at its destination safely on that line, and seven out of the last ten have smashed, there is a fair chance of my being at Cornell College to-morrow morning." Other items of note include letters from, or relating to, the painter Smibert; some notes and documents on Du Pont, Talleyrand, and the French spoliations; the correspondence of John B. Davis, a Boston lawyer and editor, containing letters from Joseph Story, Webster, Samuel Bowles, and others; and a valuable paper by Charles H. Hart on Peter Harrison, the architect of King's Chapel and the Redwood Library. Four letters of Rufus King, 1784-1786, throw light upon the public opinion of the time regarding the West. "Very few men," wrote King, "who have examined the subject will refuse their assent to the opinion that every citizen of the Atlantic States, who emigrates to the westward of the Allegany is a total loss to our confederacy." A paper by Harold Murdock, entitled "Historic Doubts on the Battle of Lexington," traverses once more the long-standing controversy between Lexington and Concord over what was said and where it was done. The gifts of the year include the Lopez-Champlin manuscripts, upwards of three thousand in number, relating to the history of American colonial commerce; files of anti-slavery and abolition journals, deposited by the surviving children and representatives of William Lloyd Garrison, and forming "practically a complete record of the journalistic career" of the abolition leader; and the correspondence and papers of Charles Deane. The memorial sketches of deceased members, some of them singularly long delayed, include the names of Frederic W. Putnam, the ethnologist, John D. Long, William Everett, Phillips Brooks, Charles Gross, Lucien Carr, long a valued contributor to the *Nation*, and Edward H. Strobel.

In a brief treatise on "The Universe as Pictured in Milton's Paradise Lost" (The Abingdon Press; 75 cents net) Prof. William Fairfield Warren, of Boston University, has undertaken to clarify the difficult matter of Milton's cosmology. Briefly, he holds that the action of the epic takes place in a Macrocosm, "the hollow universal orb" (VII, 257), which is "limitless space," but must be thought of as "orbicular, or spherelike" (p. 35); that in this Macrocosm are "three spatially distinct regions" (p. 35)—Heaven, which is uppermost, Chaos, immediately underneath, and Hell, immediately below Chaos; that Chaos is shut in from Heaven above and from Hell beneath by the Empyrean, "a hollow sphere, or world-shell" (p. 36); that the upper and lower halves of the universe are "counterparts" (p. 36); that Heaven-gate and Hell-gate, which are in a perpendicular line, are the only openings between Chaos and outer space; that the solar and stellar world, here styled the Cosm, is probably to be thought of as homocentric with the Macrocosm; that the earth, which may or may not revolve, is the centre of the Cosm, and that the pole of the earth was at first perpendicular. This much Professor Warren thinks reasonably certain. He is somewhat doubtful on several minor points which he suggests for further discussion.

It is regrettable that conclusions generally sound could not have been presented with more attention to accuracy of statement. The fact that the same person is called both John Andrew Himes and George H. Himes within two pages (pp. 72 and 74) is trivial; so is the fact that incorrect citations are given more than once (as on p. 35, where VI, 671 should be VI, 871; or on p. 47, where IV, 433 should be IV, 233). There are more serious errors. For instance, Professor Warren says (p. 15) that "as Hell's territory is simply the expropriated undermost part of the original domain of Chaos, according to ii. 1002, it [Hell] cannot be a bounded and shut-in dungeon, but is in reality 'the dark unbottomed, infinite Abyss' (ii, 405)." In the context, however, II, 405 plainly refers not to Hell but to Chaos:

> But, first, whom shall we send
> In search of this new World? whom shall we find
> Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
> The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
> And through the palpable obscure find out
> His uncouth way . . .?

And again, Professor Warren says that the gates of Hell are "'high in the fiery concave of the horrid roof.'" (p. 15). Now, these words, which he seems to give as a single quotation, are founded upon three separate passages, which, as a matter of fact, do not exactly support his inference:

> and gates of burning adamant,
> Barred over us, prohibit all egress (II, 436-7).

> [Satan]
> Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
> Up to *the fiery concave* towering high (II, 634-5).

> At last appear
> Hell-bounds, *high* reaching to the horrid roof,
> And thrice threefold the gates (II, 643-5).

Even though the three passages are all duly cited, one scents the special pleader and grows suspicious of the conclusions.

Any final account of Milton's cosmology must be more exact in its use of the poem itself. It must explain, among other things, how a "limitless space" can be "orbicular, or spherelike," and how, if Hell is shut out from Chaos by a sphere which bounds Chaos, that sphere can furnish Hell, beneath it, with a concave roof. Professor Warren's account, while in some respects it does supersede previous accounts, is hardly final.

Of all the books on the war, the reviewer has come to dread those on Gallipoli as most pathetic records of the failure of a gallant enterprise on the very brink of success. Somehow, we do not expect to find that, when the story of the defence of Kut-el-Amara is written, it will leave us with so poignant a sense of depression. Though Corporal John Gallishaw's "Trenching at Gallipoli" (Century; $1.30 net) gives only a glimpse of the operations, from the section of trench held by the small Newfoundland contingent, with a frank, vivid perspective that is refreshing, yet, like his predecessors, he cannot suppress the inevitable instances of the chaos that made the great attempt so futile. Mr. Gallishaw's simple story is full of the quiet heroism and suffering that was entailed, but it merely strengthens the impression of useless human sacrifice. Gallipoli must ever remain in British military annals as a monument to the system that evidently had learned little from the bitter school of South Africa, just as it will stand forth as another worthy and pathetic tribute to the sheer bravery of the fighting man, whose worst enemies were neither Turks nor Germans, but those incompetent members of the high command who were foisted upon Sir Ian Hamilton by social influence. Thus it would seem fortunate that a Newfoundlander from Harvard should record for British eyes the ungarnished story of the lot that fell to his comrades and the other Colonials under this crass ineptitude. We hope that other Colonials will write with franker and wider knowledge of the situation. Then the glory of Anzac will not be wholly in vain. Whatever skeletons are aired after the war, at least it seems certain that, by virtue of the heroic sacrifices at Anzac and in France and Africa, the Colonial Premiers will take part in that final Allied council which shall decide upon terms of peace.

"Alcott Memoirs" (Badger; $1), compiled from the journals and memoranda of the late Dr. Frederick L. H. Willis by his daughter Edith Willis Linn and Henri Bazin, is rather a pious memorial than a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the Concord *Illuminati*. Dr. Willis when a boy of fourteen began to spend his summers with the Alcotts in Concord, and he boarded with them later in Boston while he was a student in the Harvard Divinity School. Near the end of his life—he died in 1914 at the age of eighty-four—he planned to write his recollections, and made some notes on the famous personages whom he had met in his youth. From the material at hand the editors have made short chapters on Dr. Willis, the Alcotts, Fruitlands, Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, and Thomas Starr King. Dr. Willis testifies that his life was profoundly influenced by this group, and that the influence was of very fine quality; but his record contains little that is new and nothing that is important.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, died on November 15 at Vevey, Switzerland. Born in 1846, the son of a Polish country squire, Sienkiewicz was educated entirely in Poland, finishing at the University of Warsaw. While still in college he produced a monograph upon a famous Polish poet of the sixteenth century, Szarznski, and about the same time began to write short stories over the signature of "Litwos" (Lithuanian). At the age of twenty-two, after he had left the University, he began a gypsy life, which led him to every corner of Poland. From Poland he drifted to Russia, at one time editing a newspaper in St. Petersburg. In 1877, while in Paris, he became interested in the scheme to found in America a Polish commonwealth of expatriated artists and musicians. This fraternity, which was reduced to a mere handful of enthusiasts, among them Helena Modjeska, settled near Los Angeles, Cal., and called their settlement Anno Luni. After the failure of the colony, Sienkiewicz returned to Poland, and in 1880 began his great series of historical novels. "Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael" were first published in a Warsaw journal, translations appearing simultaneously at Berlin and Vienna. English translations by Jeremiah Curtin subsequently appeared in America. "Without Dogma," a psychological novel of modern thought, appeared in translated form in 1893, and was followed two years later by a social study of contemporary life in Poland called "Children of the Soil." Neither book was a popular success. "Quo Vadis," his best known work, which enjoyed a phenomenal success, was published in 1896. Among his other works may be mentioned the humorous "A Prophet in his Own Country"; "Yanko, the Musician"; "A Knight of the Cross," "Hania," "The Third Woman," and a series of essays concerning his American experiences and impressions. Since the outbreak of the war, with its disastrous consequences to Poland, he has from his retreat in Switzerland issued appeal after appeal to the civilized world to aid in the relief of the sufferers in his devastated country. He was president of the General Relief Committee for Victims of the War in Poland, and was an indefatigable ally of Paderewski in the work of exciting the compassion of the world for the miseries of his compatriots. In 1905 he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature.

Art

THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH PAINTING IN THE FOGG MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

By G. H. EDGELL.

The great war which has devastated Flanders has obviously played havoc with the country's works of art. We know the fate of the Last Supper, "one of the half-dozen Flemish paintings in the world," by Dirck Bouts, formerly in the Church of St. Pierre at Louvain. We do not yet know the fates of hundreds of other masterpieces destroyed by fire, by shell, lost, looted, or "removed for conservation." The present exhibition of Flemish painting in the Fogg Museum at Harvard is, therefore, especially timely. The exhibition is arranged partially to aid a course in Flemish painting now being given at Harvard, and will be open until November 30. It consists of paintings lent by private collections or by dealers' galleries, and is a monument alike to the taste and energy of the directors and the generosity of the many friends of the Fogg Museum. The paintings range in date from the early work of the great mediæval Flemings through the sumptuous art of the seventeenth-century masters. To fortify the paintings there are several superb tapestries of various dates and a number of original drawings by Flemish masters.

The earliest and in some respects the most important painting is a panel representing Christ Appearing to Mary, by Roger van der Weyden. This panel was one wing of the triptych of Miraflores, so-called because it was given by its first owner, the great Colonna Pope Martin V, to King John II, who in turn presented it to the monastery of Miraflores in Castile. Later it became the favorite Flemish painting of the Emperor Charles V and was carried about by him on his travels. Painted in 1430, it is perfectly preserved, and it exhibits the seemingly unfettered technical power of the Flemings in the middle ages.

In addition to the early panel, there are four other works to show this master's style. One, a characteristic Madonna and Child, belongs to the Museum and is attributed to the artist with a question mark, though it is so close to his work as to justify the removal of the qualification. Another is a free early copy of the Nativity, the central panel of the Bladelin altar-piece, in the Berlin Gallery. Still another is a characteristic portrait. The painting is somewhat marred by a hot varnish, but the underlying technique is fine and reminds one of the Brussels Portrait of a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, often called Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The space relations of the composition, however, are faulty and suggest that the work may be a fragment cut from a larger painting. Finally, the most striking of the artist's works is a panel over five feet high showing Christ Appearing to Mary. This painting is especially interesting as showing the large scale on which the mediæval Fleming frequently worked, a thing we too often forget.

The great mediæval painters are not represented only by Roger. There are works as well by Hugo van der Goes and Hans Memlinc. By the former there is a portrait of a Lady, by the latter one of a Gentleman. The portrait by Van der Goes was formerly in the Cardon Collection, Brussels, and has but recently found a permanent home in this country. It is perfectly preserved and one of the most delicately conceived and richly colored portraits of the Flemish middle ages. The Memlinc, too, is an unusual portrait. The model, supposed to be the son of Charles the Bold, is dressed in a rich brown doublet and carries an arrow. The face has Memlinc's sweetness and at the same time a strength unusual in the work of the tenderest of the Flemish mediævalists.

The art of one more great mediævalist is shown, so to speak, by reflection, in a painting by Albert Bouts, son of Dirck Bouts, of Louvain. This Madonna exhibits a softening of the rather vigorous Bouts type at the hands of a pupil clearly swayed by approaching Italianism.

Typifying the charming Italianate work of the sixteenth century there are several specimens. One of especial interest is a triptych, a Crucifixion with Donor and Patron Saints, attributed to the Antwerp painter Marcellus Koffermans. It is surely by a Fleming trained in Italy, and especially in Umbria, for several of the figures are unmistakably inspired by the work of Luca Signorelli, of Cortona, The painting may well, therefore, be by Justus van Ghent, the only known Umbro-Fleming of importance, an artist who worked at the court of Urbino and who would surely have come into personal contact with Signorelli. Among the other and more conventional Italianate Flemings we may note the names of Gerard David, Matsys, and Jan Gossart, called Mabuse.

The so-called minor painters of the Flemish Renaissance are well illustrated. The work of one of the earliest, the anonymous Master of the Legend of St. Ursula, may be studied in a tiny diptych portraying a Madonna and Donors, which recalls by its delicacy and brilliance the work of earlier miniaturists. Of almost equal delicacy, though later in date, is the Adoration of the Magi and Several Scenes by the Master from Hoogstraten, reminiscent alike of Van Eyck and Memlinc. More mature in feeling though allied in delicacy is the St. John the Baptist, by Isenbrandt.

The growing interest in romantic landscape in Flanders during the Renaissance is well attested by a characteristic St. Jerome, by Patinir. As usual the background is an end in itself, exhibiting the elaborate profusion of pleasant valleys, cool forests, and fanciful eccentric mountain forms so beloved by the artist. Patinir's scale was so minute, his work so unobtrusive, that one often forgets the debt owed him by subsequent Flemings. The extent of this debt may be proved by noting the background in a striking painting by Josse van Cleef, one of the three works by that artist in the exhibition. This painting is a triptych with a central Crucifixion and Saints; the others are Madonnas. All show the romantic landscape which the artist got from Patinir and Bles, as well as his brilliant color, his tortured, flamboyant handling of drapery, and his piquantly original iconography.

Colijn de Coter, Renaissance painter of Brussels, but influenced by German art, is represented by a large, highly decorative painting of St. Michael and St. Agnes. Attributed to Jean Prévost, Franco-Fleming, there is a large Madonna, strongly reminiscent of Roger van der Weyden and Memlinc. The work is charming in color and composition, but puzzlingly eclectic.

Antonin Mor, or Antonio Moro, a Fleming, who worked impartially in Italy, Spain, and England, despite his occasional archaisms, represents the transition from the early Renaissance in Flanders to the seventeenth century period of the counter reformation, when painting became less eccentric and more honest. In the exhibition there are two portraits by him, of the Señor and Señora del Rio. Moro was essentially a portraitist and a most subtle psychologist in the revelation of his model. Like Van Dyck, he let the face and hands deliver the whole message of the sitter, and the portraits in the exhibition are no exception to this rule. Especially the male figure is sympathetic and done with a breadth unusual even in this fine portraitist.

We come finally to the exuberant, vital art of the seventeenth century, of which the two greatest masters are well represented. By Rubens there are two paintings; by Van Dyck one. One of the works by Rubens, a Madonna, somewhat too sentimental in expression, is nevertheless painted with the artist's customary breadth of touch and richness of color. The other, a Meleager Returning from the Hunt, gives the master an opportunity to lavish his power in the representation of nude athletic bodies, rubicund faces, rich foliage, and extraordinarily realistic head of the boar. It would be hard to discover a work of more unrestrained vitality. To illustrate the art of Van Dyck the Museum has its own well-known portrait of Nicholas Triest, a work of 1621 when the courtly young painter had just left the studio of Rubens.

The exhibition is thus an unusually complete one, and some of the gaps are filled with drawings by well-known Flemish masters One, a Seated Christ, is an exquisite work by the mediæval painter Petrus Christus; others are by Jerome Bosch, famous for his grotesques; by Peter Bruegel the Elder, painter especially of genre and landscape, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Jordaens. The last is an especially noble drawing of a youthful saint, done in the mood which the master only occasionally attained and which ranks him with his great contemporaries Rubens and Van Dyck.

The several tapestries not only give the exhibition a richly furnished air, but are themselves great masterpieces of Flemish art and of the highest interest historically.

Finance

PASSING CONSIDERATIONS.

The action of prices on the Stock Exchange last week has proved clearly enough the absurdity of the notion that the future of financial values depended on the election. How much more than this it proves, must be judged in the light of other considerations. If prices had continued to decline throughout the week, that result would at least have followed the logic of what seemed to be the situation several weeks ago. The violent speculation, in which the general public was heavily engaged, had run its course; the market had partly quieted down, with something of a reactionary tendency. It is possible that, had it not been for the Wall Street superstition regarding an "after-election boom," that tendency might have continued automatically.

That it did not continue, and that last week's occasional violent advances occurred on the basis of enormous trading, is not a consequence of return of the "outside public." Outsiders of highly speculative proclivities are always present nowadays, when the market moves at all; there are possibly more of them to-day than ever before. But they do not embody the power of the great investing public, and there is not the slightest doubt that the market's present activities are increasingly dependent upon a number of separate professional "pools," organized to manipulate prices. This sort of thing, however—especially when it follows a prolonged and sweeping upward movement—always ends by creating a precarious market, subject to highly unpleasant readjustment.

In so far as we are living, from whatever specific cause, in an era of general inflation of prices, the professional speculator is certain to do his part at "discounting" such conditions. But that fact increases the objectionable aspects of the undertaking. No market is more dangerous than a market built up in blind excitement, on the basis purely of inflated credit. It is not only dangerous to those who participate in the speculation, but it becomes an increasing menace to the whole economic position.

How greatly all the unfavorable possibilities, which may arise in the period of readjustment after war, would be aggravated by further extension of such a speculation, it is hardly necessary to point out. A United States confronting the post-bellum changes with its own economic house in order, would justify hopeful prophecy as to the effects of returning peace. But a United States deeply engaged in frantic speculation, with an inverted pyramid of prices in half a dozen markets, would compel some far less agreeable expectations. The real strength of the present situation lies in the clear understanding of this fact by the sober financial and business public.

Those people who still indulge in vague and formless apprehension, as to whether the gold loans placed in this market by the two great belligerent Powers are "safe," must be perplexed at the loans to European cities. If there is any valid doubt about the loans to the French and English Governments, "secured" or "unsecured," then what could our experienced banking houses mean by underwriting upwards of $100,000,000 for the municipalities of Paris, Bordeaux, Lyon, and Marseilles? The question needs only to be put to show the absurdity of the idea that the powerful nations, of which those cities are only a part, might somehow fail to redeem their contracted American indebtedness.

England's delay in putting out another large home war loan is in all probability due to dislike at having to pay a higher price. But all such unpleasant considerations have to be faced. It would wound the financial pride of England to be compelled to pay a higher interest rate than Germany. That would, however, merely be the price paid by Great Britain, first for the enormous burden voluntarily assumed in financing its allies, but secondly, for its resolute maintenance of gold payments and the protection of its currency from depreciation. In this second matter, Germany chose the other course; and, as with the United States in the Civil War, the loans for which an actually depreciated currency is accepted can continue to bear an unchanged rate of interest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Cobb, I. S. Local Color. Doran. $1.35 net.
Comfort, W. L. The Last Ditch. Doran. $1.35 net.
Cooney, P. J. Kinsmen. Doran. $1.50 net.
Dehan, R. A Gilded Vanity. Doran. $1.40 net.
Dix, B. M. Blithe McBride. Macmillan. $1.25.
England, G. A. Pod Bender & Co. McBride. $1.35 net.
Fitzhugh, P. K. Uncle Sam's Outdoor Magic. Harper. $1.25 net.
Hardy, A. S. Helen. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Kelland, C. B. Mark Tidd's Citadel. Harper. $1 net.
Knipe, E. B. and A. A. Polly Trotter, Patriot. Macmillan. $1.25.
Lloyd, E. M. Tom Anderson, Dare-Devil. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Phelps, G. F. The Mountains of the Morning. Abingdon Press. $1.35 net.
Price, E. Frederica Dennison, Spinster. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Robbins, M. H. The Genius of Elizabeth Anne. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Sidgwick, E. Hatchways. Small, Maynard. $1.40 net.
Siviter, A. P. and F. P. On Parole. Holt. $1.25 net.
Tagore, R. Fruit Gathering. Macmillan. $1.25.
Tagore, R. The Hungry Stones and Other Stories. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Trask, K. The Invisible Balance Sheet. Lane. $1.40 net.
Trevena, J. A Drake, by George! Knopf. $1.50 net.
Twain, M. The Mysterious Stranger. Harper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Benton, C. E. Troutbeck: A Dutchess County Homestead. New York: Dutchess County Historical Society.
Bertolette, F. K. Motives in Education. Badger. 75 cents net.
Bulletin of the American Library Association. Vol. 10, No. 4. Published by the Association.
Crothers, S. M. The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord and Other Essays. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Eastman, M. Understanding Germany. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Fletcher, R. H. A History of English Literature. Badger. $1.25 net.
Gleanings from Old Shaker Journals. Compiled by Clara E. Sears. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Grenfell, W. T. Tales of the Labrador. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Hall, F. H. The Story of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Harper. 50 cents net.
Holmes, S. J. Studies in Animal Behavior. Badger. $2.50 net.
Hyde, W. DeW. Are You Human? Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Impressions Calendar, 1917. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Jones, J. L. Love for Battle-Torn Peoples. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co.
Kerfoot, J. B. How to Read. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Kingsley, C. The Water Babies. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Kitson, H. D. How to Use Your Mind. Phila.: Lippincott. $1 net.
Knight, E. W. Public School Education in North Carolina. Houghton Mifflin.
Larson, C. D. My Ideal of Marriage. Crowell. 50 cents.
Loomis, L. R. Book of the Popes. Edited by J. T. Shotwell. Columbia University Press.
Odling, W. The Technic of Versification. London: Parker & Co. 4s. 6d. net.
Proceedings of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia. For the Years 1913, 1914, 1915. Vol. 27. Phila.: Published by the Society.
Purinton, E. E. The Triumph of the Man Who Acts. McBride. $1.35 net.
Robbins, W. W., and others. Ethnobotany of the Tewa Indians. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Romance. Two Lectures by Sir Walter Raleigh. Princeton University Press. $1 net.
Siegfried, A. Deux Mois en Amérique du Nord. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
The Chief American Prose Writers. Edited by N. Foerster. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
The Commonwealth of Nations. Part 1. Edited by L. Curtis. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
The Elements of Reconstruction. Reprinted from the *Times*. Introduction by Viscount Milner. London: Nisbet & Co., Ltd.
The Gravest 366 Days. Editorials reprinted from the *Evening Mail*. Published by the *Evening Mail*.
The King's Highway Series: The Way of the King's Palace. The Way of the Stars. By E. H. Sneath, G. Hodges, and H. H. Tweedy. Macmillan.
Tucker, W. J. The New Reservation of Time. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Walters, H. B. A Classical Dictionary. Putnam. $6.50 net.
Waugh, F. J. The Clan of Munes. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Whistler, J. A. McN. Ten o'Clock. Portland, Me.: Thomas Bird Mosher.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Rice, W. N. The Return to Faith and Other Addresses. Abingdon Press. 75 cents.
Royce, J. The Hope of the Great Community. Macmillan. $1 net.
Woodward, E. L. Christianity and Nationalism in the Later Roman Empire. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cohen, J. H. The Law: Business or Profession? The Banks Law Publishing Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miner, M. E. Slavery of Prostitution. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Nourse, E. G. Agricultural Economics. Univ. of Chicago Press. $2.75 net.
Ryan, J. A. Distributive Justice. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by F. W. Pine. Holt. $2 net.
Bagewell, R. Ireland Under the Stuarts and During the Interregnum. Longmans, Green. $5 net.
Grant, M. The Passing of the Great Race. Scribner. $2 net.
Grant, R. Their Spirit. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Harris, M. H. History of the Mediæval Jews. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Bloch Publishing Co.
Harvard Volunteers in Europe. Edited by M. A. de W. Howe. Harvard Univ. Press.
Howells, W. D. Years of My Youth. Harper. $2 net.
Leask, G. A. Heroes of the Great War. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Legge, E. The Empress Eugénie and Her Son. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Letters of Richard Watson Gilder. Edited by Rosamond Gilder. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Marcosson, I. F., and Frohman, D. Charles Frohman, Manager and Man. Harper. $2 net.
Masefield, J. Gallipoli. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Orvis, J. S. A Brief History of Poland. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Pepys, S. A Diary of the Great Warr. Lane. $1.50 net.
Reventlow, C. zu. The Vampire of the Continent. New York: The Jackson Press. $1.25.
Rice, W. N. The Return to Faith and Other Addresses. Abingdon Press. 75 cents.
Schurman, J. G. The Balkan Wars. 1912-3. Princeton University Press. $1 net.
Scott, E. J., and Stowe, L. B. Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Sheahan, H. A Volunteer Poilu. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Smith, C. A. The Authorized O. Henry Biography. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.
Stephens, J. The Insurrection in Dublin. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Tarde, A. De. L'Europe court-elle à sa Ruine? Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Theal, G. McC. History of South Africa from 1795 to 1872. 3 volumes. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
The Letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving. Edited with introduction by G. S. Hellman. 2 volumes. Putnam. $10.
Van Winkle, E. Manhattan, 1624-1639. Privately printed. $10.

POETRY.

Dargan, O. T. The Cycle's Rim. Scribner. $1 net.
Frost, R. Mountain Interval. Holt.
Hewlett, M. The Song of the Plow. Macmillan. $2.50.
Masefield, J. Salt Water Poems and Ballads. Macmillan. $2 net.
Masters, E. L. Spoon River Anthology. Macmillan. $2 net.
Masters, E. L. The Great Valley. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Morgan, E. Fragments. London: Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.
Morison, Mrs. J. A. My Soldier Boy. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Nadal, B. H. Friendship and Other Poems. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1 net.
Neihardt, J. G. The Quest. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Oppenheim, J. War and Laughter. Century. Co. $1.25 net.
Pickthall, M. L. C. The Lamp of Poor Souls and Other Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.
Pierce, F. E. Jordan Farms: An Epic in Homespun. Yale Univ. Press. $1 net.
Soldier Poets. Songs of the Fighting Men. London: Erskine Macdonald.
Verhaeren, E. The Sunlit Hours. Lane. $1 net.
Yeats, W. B. Responsibilities and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Clutton-Brock, A. Studies in Gardening. Scribner. $2 net.
Meek, A. The Migrations of Fish. Longmans, Green. $4.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Holley, H. Read-Aloud Plays. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.
Mencken, H. L. A Book of Burlesques. Lane. $1.25 net.
Papers on Playmaking: A Catalogue of Models and of Stage-Sets. The Theory of the Theatre. A Stage Play. How to Write a Play. How Shakespeare Came to Write the "Tempest." Third Series. Publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University. New York: Corlies, Macy & Co.
Parker, L. N. Mavourneen. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

ART.

Raemaekers's Cartoons. With accompanying notes by well-known English writers. Doubleday, Page.

JUVENILE.

Bradley, W. Wonder Box Stories. Century. $1 net.
Deming, A. G. Number Stories. Beckley-Cardy Co. 60 cents.
Dyer, W. A. The Humble Annals of a Back Yard. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Kirkham, S. D. Half-True Stories. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $2 net.
The Know About Library. Home edition. 20 volumes. Dutton. 10 cents per volume.
The Owlet Library. Ten volumes. Dutton. $1 net per set.

TEXTBOOKS.

DeMaupassant, G. Contes Choisis. Edited by M. P. Brush. Holt.
Langfeld, H. S., and Allport, F. H. An Elementary Laboratory Course in Psychology. Houghton Mifflin.
Shaw, W. C. The Brief-Maker's Notebook. Ginn. $1.20.

NEW BOOKS ON THE DRAMA

Richard Burton's

BERNARD SHAW

THE MAN AND THE MASK

By the author of "HOW TO SEE A PLAY," etc. $1.50 *net*

While aiming to give information about each of the plays and about Shaw's methods to those who know little about him, the author hopes he may also furnish even the perfect Shavians with new viewpoints on their idol.

Arthur Edwin Krows's

PLAY PRODUCTION IN AMERICA

With numerous illustrations. Large 12mo. $2.00 *net*

Summarizes material gathered during the past ten years, during which the author has been a dramatist, play-reader, play-doctor, stage-director, interviewer, theatrical reporter, critic and press agent. He carries a play through from that time when it is submitted to a producer to its ultimate place in motion pictures.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 34 West 33d Street New York

PUBLISHERS OF THE "UNPOPULAR REVIEW."

Ready December 1.

JOSÉ de GÁLVEZ, Visitor-General of New Spain, 1765-1771

By HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY, Assistant Curator of the Bancroft Library. 8vo, xv+449 pages, 7 plates and map $3.00

Not a biography, but a study, based largely on unused MS. sources, of the important work of one of Spain's greatest Colonial administrators.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

BERKELEY, or 280 MADISON AV., NEW YORK

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law

Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

Vol. 74, No. 1. THE RISE OF ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROL IN QUEBEC

By WALTER ALEXANDER RIDDELL, Ph.D., Director of Social Surveys for the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Canada. 8vo. Pp. 195. *Paper Cover.* $1.75.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

THE IDEA OF MR. JAMES LOEB

65 volumes have now been published.

JUST PUBLISHED

Daphnis and Chloe
By Longus
together with
The Love Romances of Parthenius and other fragments

Dio's Roman History. Vol. IV.

Galen on the Natural Faculties

The Greek Anthology. Vol. I.
To be in Five Volumes.

Plutarch's Lives. Vol. IV.

Plautus. Vol. I.
To be in Four Volumes.

A Uniform Series of Greek and Latin Texts, with *Parallel English Translations.*

Per vol., cloth, $1.50. Leather, $2.00. The Series is to contain all that is best in Literature from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople.

Send for 6-page Descriptive Pamphlet

G. P. Putnam's Sons 2 West 45th St., N.Y. just west of 5th Av.

BIG BOOK CATALOG FREE
Books of General and Special Interest
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
902 Winston Building Philadelphia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED